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The Literary Week.

THIS has been a week of new editions. They make quite a long list, and include a translation of the letters of Mlle. de Lespinasse, a book that has received a new lease of life by the publication of Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel. Two more parts in the Edinburgh Folio edition of Shakespeare have been issued, and another instalment of Dr. Murray's Oxford Dictionary—Onomastical—Outing. Among the more important books of the week we note the following:—

LIFE AND LETTERS OF BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT, sometime Bishop of Durham. Two vols. By his son Arthur Westcott.

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A publishers' note informs us that the "texts contained in the present volume are reprinted with very slight alterations from the 'English Garner' issued in eight volumes (1877-1890) by Professor Arber." The contents of the original "Garner" have been re-arranged and classified, and a certain amount of fresh matter has been introduced. At the conclusion of his Introduction Mr. Churton Collins says: "For the modernization of the spelling, which some readers may be inclined to regret, and for the punctuation, as for the elucidatory notes within brackets, Mr. Arber is entirely responsible." The volume begins with an extract from Thomas Wilson's "Art of Rhetoric," 1554, and concludes with Franklin's "Poor Richard Improved," 1757.

OUR article in last week's issue, "Taken as Read," has moved a correspondent to a reproofing protest. He is, he tells us, a professional man in a provincial city, "yet I possess, and have read, and do read, Milton and Shakespeare, even Bunyan and the Bible. . . . Of Greek and Latin I know as much as the average sixth form school-boy." Our correspondent finds Chaucer and Spenser difficult without a crib, but he protests against being relegated to the ranks of the readers of an author who shall be nameless. "Is there nothing," cries our admonisher, "between Plato and the latest novel? May I not, in my modest way, love Dickens, Lamb, or Addison, Green, Motley, or Merivale, Tennyson, Browning, or Wordsworth?" Why, certainly. But we never suggested that the writers named were not read. A few read them, as we said, and it is through the few "that the classics are distilled and filter through to the masses beneath." We are glad to recognise in our correspondent one of the "fit and few" through whom the filtration tradition is carried on.

ISEN, who was seventy-five the other day, now hardly sees anyone. Even on his birthday the only person outside his own family who was permitted to congratulate him personally was Bjoernson. He can still move about with the aid of two sticks, but he never leaves the house, and spends the greater part of his time at his window, gazing into the street. If passers-by greet him he may or may not notice them. He no longer reads or writes: his life seems to be set upon the past and the window through which he gazes.

THE study of modern Greek is confined to so few outside the Greeks themselves, that the fact of the existence of a Greek comic publication does not seem of much general interest. But the "Romios" is a rather remarkable paper; it has been issued every Saturday for seventeen years, it is all written in verse, and its sole editor, contributor and staff consists of one individual, Mr. Souris. Mr. Souris indulges in pointed satire, but he appears to offend nobody. A few years ago he translated Aristophanes' "The Clouds" into modern Greek verse, and he has recently published a volume of poems. Mr. Souris is catholic in his selection of words; he mingles classical Greek with the modern vernacular, and thus appears to reproduce the actual language of the people.

APPROPRIATENESS in the binding of books is a thing for which we usually look in vain. An instance of inappropriateness lies before us in Mr. Charles Booth's "Life and Labour of the People in London." Mr. Booth has explored the depths of poverty, its causes and its environment, and yet the printed records are bound in imitation vellum, with elaborately gilded backs. Surely the simplest possible binding could hardly have been too simple for such a series of practical revelations.

THE second volume of the "King's Classics" is "The Love Letters of Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple." The series is pleasant both to hand and eye, but the white backs and the blue-grey covers are hardly calculated to stand use and dust. The first volume has been on our shelves for a couple of months, and is already soiled and prematurely aged in appearance. Books for use should not have white backs.

THE dramatists who find modern theatrical criticism offensive are not confined to England. Sudermann wrote a series of articles not long ago in the "Berliner Tageblatt," which have since been reprinted as a pamphlet, complaining that the attitude of critics has never been more unsympathetic than it is to-day. He asserts that only in our time have literary manners declined to absolute degeneracy, and he names certain papers as typical of this degeneracy. It is the old story all over again. We have only to turn up the files of any newspaper for the last hundred years to be assured of this. It was not kind to refer to Sudermann as "a literary fraud with humorous peculiarities," but no doubt the critic could justify his view. The one point that emerges is the folly of authors in replying to their critics.

WE find in "Temple Bar" an article by Mr. J. K. Hudson on Hartley Coleridge which contains some hitherto unpublished letters and verses. Hartley Coleridge's work is little known nowadays; he was, in fact, a failure, though a failure with a most engaging and amiable

personality. He was a curious and fantastic child, and no doubt inherited from his father that faculty for preaching which prompted him to make long extempore prayers aloud to his nurse. When he was seven he used to be plunged in agonies of thought, "puzzling himself about the realities of existence." At school he never played, but spent his time in inventing stories which he told in the dormitory at night. At Oxford he talked and talked, and also succeeded in getting an Oriel Fellowship. Then came collapse; he failed to win the Newdigate, and, as he said, "sought relief from wine." At the end of his twelve months Fellowship probation he was deprived of it, mainly on the ground of intemperance. From that set-back he never wholly recovered; he projected work which was never accomplished, and took to school-mastering, with failure as the inevitable result. His life at Grasmere was simple, lazy, and, like his talk, discursive, and he died a year before Wordsworth, who was his friend always, and near whom he rests. Neither the letters nor verses which Mr. Hudson has unearthed are of any great interest, but this characteristic letter is worth quoting. It should be remembered that Hartley Coleridge had a passion for writing memorial verses:—

DEAR SIR,—That excellent English yeoman, James Fleming (it would be abominable to *Mister* him), wishes to have four dozen copies of the enclosed verses printed at your earliest convenience, of course for private circulation only. It is some satisfaction that my little knack of verse enables me to give some consolation to a good man, who has lost his youngest, perhaps his favourite, child. I have too much value for the time of a man of business to trouble you with a long letter, so with kind respects to Mrs. Hudson, whose health I hope improves, I remain, your much obliged,

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

N.B.—As my writing is not the most intelligible in the world, I would thank you for a proof. J. F. will be answerable for any expense incurred. Remember me kindly to Mr. Gough when you see him.

"J. F. will be answerable for any expense incurred" is delightful.

WE reviewed a fortnight ago Mrs. Earle's "A Third Pot Pourri." This week "Punch" prints a parody of the book called "Pooh-Poohri from a Surrey Back Garden." We quote some amusing passages:—

Many people who are addicted to gardening suffer from black and discoloured nails. Several remedies have been suggested to me for this, but perhaps on the whole the best is to wash them.

A good way to cure a headache is to stand on your head in a corner for ten minutes. If you can go to sleep in that posture, so much the better. This treatment has also been found advantageous in cases of rheumatism and affections of the bronchial tubes.

I have just finished Mr. Jones's book on "Mary, Queen of Scots." Poor woman, what a troubled life she had! Fotheringhay, I notice, should be spelt with two h's. Froude spelt it with only one. How like him!

The sunflowers are now (January) in full bloom in my garden, which only shows what a perfectly wonderful garden it is! And all done by kindness! I cannot think why other people don't grow sunflowers. Their seeds are greatly appreciated in Russia. Pigs may be fed on their leaves. And I see no reason why paper might not be manufactured out of their stalks if somebody would find out how. But English gardeners are so blind to their real interests!

To make nettle-tea pick all the nettles you can find (or, better, get someone else to do so), add a pinch of Plasmon and simmer for a fortnight.

A WRITER in the New York "Critic" has an article which touches rather a nice literary point: Is an author

justified in piecing together and amplying certain already published detached episodes, and weaving them into a book which purports to be new? Mr. Wister's very successful "The Virginian," we are told, was such a book, manufactured from various episodes published in "Harper's" over a course of years. But the writer finds her most interesting case in Mr. Barrie's "Little White Bird." It appears that many pirated editions of Mr. Barrie are in circulation in America. Concerning these, Mr. Barrie says in his preface to the "Thistle Edition" of his works:—

I have seen several of these, bearing such titles as "Two of Them," "An Auld Licht Manse," and "A Tillyloss Scandal," and some of them announce themselves as author's editions, or published by arrangement with the author. They consist of scraps collected and published without my knowledge, and I entirely disown them. I have written no books save those that appear in this edition.

Upon which the "Critic's" contributor writes:—

This is all very well; but as one reads "The Little White Bird" one has a growing consciousness of having previously met David's father, with his roars of devotion, in the person of Lizzie's sailor. The first interview between the old bachelor and David vividly suggests the crude mortal agony of seven minutes spent with "It," while "The Inconsiderate Waiter" greets us like an old friend. So we turn to the pirated collection of stories called "Two of Them" and find there many a suggestion that stands revealed in the later work—whereat we marvel at Barrie's Preface. What are we to believe in the face of such contradictory evidence? That such compilations as "Two of Them," "An Auld Licht Manse," and "A Tillyloss Scandal" are without the author's sanction is quite credible, but that in his fight with pirates he should go to such lengths as to entirely disown the creation of such tales is hardly justifiable.

We think that Mr. Barrie is justified. If he considers that old work, which he has not republished, contains good material more or less wasted, he has every right to recast and remodel that old material. He does not, in that case, sell old goods as new; he merely exercises the discretion open to every artist.

SOME new Longfellow letters are published in the current "Harper's." Some are dated from London, which Longfellow visited in 1835. The following extract is of some interest:—

I believe I mentioned in my letter to Mrs. L. our visit to Mrs. Carlyle.

We were all invited to breakfast there on Wednesday last. Henry went and had a delightful time. Last evening at seven we went to dine at Mr. George Bentham's—a nephew of Jeremy's. How little I thought when reading Neal's "Life of Bentham" last winter that I should ever visit that house! He resides in the same house, on the same spot, near Westminster Abbey. It has of course undergone many alterations. We were shown into a handsomely furnished drawing-room, the windows of which overlooked the garden where Jeremy used to *perambulate*. Mr. Bentham, on pointing this garden out to us, remarked that, although his uncle was a very singular man, he hoped we should not believe *all* Neal had written about him. . . .

We should like to have heard more about the "delightful time" spent with Mrs. Carlyle.

THE same magazine, which had hoped to publish the first instalment of Miss Mary Johnston's "Sir Mortimer" in May, informs its readers that, in consequence of physical weakness, Miss Johnston has been unable to complete the story. We read:—

The temporary loss of the story will be made good to our readers by the substitution for it, as soon as possible, of a

serial novel of such distinction as to be worthy of its place in the line of noble succession which includes the names of Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Thomas Hardy—indeed of nearly every master of English fiction, since the establishment of the Magazine.

We wonder by what name the happy author of this masterpiece is known.

"NOTES AND QUERIES" gives some suggestive particulars concerning a seventeenth century book sale. In 1682, "at the Auction-House known by the Name of the Swan in Great St. Bartholomew's-Close," began the dispersal of a remarkable library formed by Richard Smith, of London. The catalogue extended to four hundred and four quarto pages, and was prefaced by an address to the reader from which we extract the following:—

The Gentleman that Collected it, was a Person infinitely Curious and Inquisitive after Books, and who suffered nothing considerable to escape him, that fell within the compass of his Learning; for he had not the vanity of desiring to be Master of more than he knew how to use. He lived to a very great Age, and spent a good part of it, almost intirely in the search of Books: Being as constantly known every day to walk his Round through the Shops, as he sat down to Meals: where his great skill and experience enabled him to make choice of what was not obvious to every Vulgar Eye. He lived in times, which ministred peculiar opportunities of meeting with Books, that are not every day brought into publick light; and few eminent Libraries were Bought, where he had not the Liberty to pick and choose. And while others were forming Arms, and New-modelling Kingdoms, his great Ambition was to become Master of a good Book. Hence arose as that vast number of his Books, so the choiceness and rarity of the greatest part of them, and that of all kinds, and in all sorts of Learning. . . . Nor was the Owner of them a meer idle Possessor of so great a Treasure: For as he generally Collated his Books upon the Buying of them (upon which account the Buyer may rest pretty secure of, their being perfect) so he did not barely turn over the Leaves, but observed the Defects of Impressions, and the ill arts used by many, compared the differences of Editions, concerning which and the like Cases, he has entred memorable and very useful remarks upon very many of the Books under his own hand, Observations wherein certainly never man was more Diligent and Industrious.

In the main the prices ruled low; the seventh edition of Bunyan's "Sighs from Hell" went for sevenpence, and the fourth edition of "Grace Abounding" for sixpence. The first edition of Bacon's "Essaies" realised only sevenpence, and George Herbert's "Temple, Sacred Poems, and Ejaculations" the meagre sum of threepence. The buyer who secured Lydgate's "Translation of Boccace's fall of Princes," 1554, and Gower's "De Confessione Amantis," 1554, bracketed together as one lot, for six and eightpence, did astonishingly well. Richard Smith's library appears to have been varied and eminently solid.

FROM an appreciation of "John Inglesant" in the Chicago "Dial," we extract the following:—

It is such books as these that redeem fiction from the reproach of catering to the mere entertainment of the reader, and that justify it as the typical form of modern literary art. Fiction has much to answer for, no doubt, in the way of sensationalism, and pettiness, and morbid imagination, and false idealism. But a book like "John Inglesant" shows that the writing of novels may be also one of the noblest forms of artistic and ethical endeavour. And the high mission of the serious novelist has not often found as fine an exemplification as in this very book. . . .

Yet "John Inglesant's" popularity even now, when it is accepted and acclaimed, cannot compare with the popularity of scores of books without either art or endeavour.

THE success of the "Hibbert Journal" has, in its way, been the most remarkable success of recent years. The current issue has the following amongst its principal articles: "Optimism and Immortality," "Martineau's Philosophy," "Buddhism as a Living Force," and "Drifting and Doctrine." Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson's "Optimism and Immortality" opens on this cheerful note: "Walking in the spring along the coast of Cornwall, and meditating on the subject of this paper, on a green cliff overhanging the sea, I came upon a flock of young lambs. Nothing could be imagined more beautiful; nothing, as I thought, more touching."

THE arrangements being made by Mr. Collier for the production in London of an edition of "Collier's Weekly" are now nearing completion. We understand that a principal feature of the publication is to be a series of coloured illustrations. Coloured illustrations have been tried again and again in London weekly journalism, but so far without success. It is difficult to account for this. The aim, of course, should be towards absolute simplicity; to attempt too much is fatal. Paris knows the secret, and we should be glad to see London come into line.

A NEW monthly review of distinguished appearance is "Flora and Sylva." The aim of the review is to provide coloured illustrations and also good engravings of new, rare, or precious plants, trees, shrubs, and fruits, fitted for our climate; and also to cultivate a taste for the good and picturesque planting of trees. The illustrations to the first number are excellent, and the letterpress clear and practical.

Bibliographical.

It is pleasant to note that the Hakluyt Society and Mr. Maclehose have come to an arrangement by which rival editions of the "Voyages" will be avoided. Both would have appealed only to a limited public, and neither, perhaps, would have been financially successful. Meanwhile, a correspondent writes to me from Dundee to inquire as to the prospects of an edition of Hakluyt which could be purchased by persons of merely moderate means. The cost of the complete "Voyages" is at present prohibitive in the case of the great majority of book-lovers. A well-known firm, approached on the subject of a reasonably-priced edition, has been significantly silent on the subject. The question is simply whether a reasonably-priced edition could be made to pay. There is a limit to the sphere of the cheap reprint, and it seems to have been touched of late. Book-lovers take too little account of the cost of production—of type-setting, of paper, of binding, of allowances to the trade, and so forth. The cheap-reprint business has its risk; whereas for the high-priced book, especially when the edition is small, its publisher can usually secure a public. We must not expect our publishers to be too speculative; life is for most of them a lottery, even now.

The other day I had occasion to mention the rumour that Mr. Cyril Maude and his brother were writing a History of the Haymarket Theatre. Now comes the announcement that Mr. Austin Brereton, one of Sir Henry Irving's biographers, and an industrious student of stage annals, is at work on a History of the Lyceum. It is to be hoped that before very long all the older playhouses in London will have found their historian. Covent Garden, Drury Lane, the Adelphi, the Strand, the Royalty, the Princess's, the St. James's, and even the Vaudeville and the Criterion,

would be good subjects for the careful annalist. The story of the departed Olympic ought also to be told, if only for the sake of the Vestris and Robson days. Some years of the life of the Adelphi will be covered by Mr. Byron Webber in the Memoirs of Mr. and Mrs. Billington which he is editing. By-the-way, we are still without a biography of Benjamin Webster or of J. B. Buckstone, and that of Dion Boucicault is only now upon the stocks.

Mr. F. B. Doveton sends me a copy of some stanzas called "The Fire Fiend" which have been attributed, he tells me, to Edgar Allan Poe, among whose papers they are said to have been found. Here are the first and second stanzas:—

In the deepest depth of midnight, while the sad and solemn
swell
Still was floating, faintly echoed, from the dread alarm
bell—
Faintly, faintly, fluttering, floating o'er the sable waves of
air
That were through the midnight rolling, chafed and billowy
with tolling,
In my chamber I lay dreaming, by the firelight's fitful
gleaming,
And my dreams were dreams foreshadowed on a heart
foredoomed to care.
As the last, long, lingering echo of the midnight's mystic
chime
Lifting through the sable billows of the thither shore of
Time—
Leaving on the starless silence not a token nor a trace—
In a quivering sigh departed, from my couch in fear I
started,
Started to my feet in terror, for my dream's phantasmal
error
Painted in the fitful fire a frightful, fiendish, flaming face!

Is this a fairly successful imitation of familiar rhythms or a specimen of Poe's more hectic performances at their very worst?

Mr. John Lane, I see, promises us a reprint of FitzGerald's "Euphranor: a Dialogue on Youth," which first came out in 1851, and was, indeed, FitzGerald's first publication. An account of it will be found in Colonel Prideaux' "Notes for a Bibliography." At the present moment it is specially interesting to recall that what Tennyson specially admired in "Euphranor" was, according to F. T. Palgrave, "the brilliant closing picture of a boat-race, with its glimpse of Whewell, 'the high crest and blowing forelock of Phidippus's mare, and he himself shouting encouragement to his crew, conspicuous over all.'" As Colonel Prideaux remarks, the first "Euphranor" was "a mere skeleton as compared with the later editions."

Commenting last week upon Miss Lyall's statement that Mrs. Gaskell had deprecated the issue of any biography of her, I said: "We may take for granted, I think, that the difficulty here presented has been got over, and that Mr. Shorter will have, in the preparation of his volume [for the 'Men of Letters' series], the co-operation of Mrs. Gaskell's relatives." I have now Mr. Shorter's own authority for saying that my assumption was correct, and that in the preparation of his Memoir of Mrs. Gaskell he will have the assistance of the novelist's daughters.

We are promised, among forthcoming books of reference, a "Dictionary of Historical References and Allusions," which will no doubt be welcome as supplementing the "Historic Note-Book" of Dr. E. C. Brewer. There is also to be a volume on "Famous Sayings and their Authors," a title which makes one think of Mr. S. A. Bent's "Short Sayings of Great Men," to which it may prove a useful companion.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

More Mares' Nests.

IS IT SHAKESPEARE? By a Cambridge Graduate. (Murray. 12s. net.)

ONE may now be pretty well sure that Milton did not write "Nova Solyma." The ingenuity of a contemporary, aided by the suggestions of an anagram, has revealed beneath the cowl of "a Cambridge Graduate" the lineaments of Mr. Walter Begley. The book before us is yet another stone upon that cairn of Baconian puerility of which we would fain think that the world had by this time grown weary. It is improbable that its author would come to a sane and well-balanced conclusion upon any problem requiring the exercise of a nice critical faculty. A very few samples of Mr. Begley's reasoning will be all for which space shall be found. Like many other Baconians—like Judge Webb, for example, whose interpretation of the phrase "to keep invention in a noted weed," still holds a unique place in the annals of the heresy—Mr. Begley plays the Pharisee to Mrs. Gallup's Publican. The cryptograms and bilateral ciphers, he declares, "have done more to discredit the discussion of an unusually interesting literary problem than anything else I can call to mind." Here we demur. As for Mrs. Gallup, it is pretty obvious, we suppose, by this time, that "there ain't no sich person." We do not accuse Mr. Begley, on his part, of deliberate *mala fides*. But we fail to see that the cryptograms and bilateral ciphers are of any very different evidential value from other proofs which Mr. Begley does not hesitate to bring forward. Here is an example, in which Mr. Begley is improving on the suggestion of an egregious German heretic, well named Bormann. It is a little complicated. There is a sonnet, says Mr. Begley, which "reveals the very name of the hidden author." It is Sonnet xxvi., which ends—

Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,
Till then not show my head where thou may'st prove me.

"And now we shall see how the author lets out the great secret in those words *show my head*." The sonnet is thought to have some resemblance to the dedication of "Lucrece," and has actually about the amount of resemblance to it which one Elizabethan dedicatory compliment generally does have to another. The "Lucrece" dedication declares that of the love "without end" which the poet bears to the patron "this Pamphlet without beginning is but a superfluous Moity." A characteristic bit of Elizabethan euphuism enough! But now listen to Mr. Begley:—

Such a curious statement naturally leads one to examine the "beginning" of the Pamphlet in its first edition as presented and dedicated to Southampton, and lo! Bacon "shows his head" at once, for the first two lines are headed by this monogram **FR**, i.e., Fr. B., which may well be called also a *superfluous moiety* of Fr. Bacon, Fr. representing one half of his name with the superfluous B flowing over from the other half [Prodigious!] This seems promising, but the first few words of the dedication seem to harp on the antitheses "without end" and "without beginning." Let us, therefore, since we have taken away the author's head from the first two lines where he showed it, and so have rendered the Pamphlet without beginning, let us take away the endings of the last two lines, and see if we can find whose is the love that is "without end." We do this, and out comes BACON, neither more nor less.

The first two lines of "Lucrece" are:—

"From the besieged Ardea all in post
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire."

The last two are:—

"The Romans plausibly did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment."

... If we include the word FINIS, which is placed underneath the last two lines, and take the first letter F, and

draw a line at an angle upwards through the last two lines in the direction of *ba* and *con*, we get F. Bacon, thus:—
"The Romaines plausibly did give *con* sent

To Tarquin's everlasting *ba* nishment."

F INIS.

And this is the austere scholar who casts a stone at Mrs. Gallup!

Obviously one is not going to follow Mr. Begley through the rest of his book in detail. You see the sort of mind you have to deal with. He pays a great amount of attention to the Sonnets, and tries to show that the known moral character and social position of Bacon make him a far more likely man than the player Shakespeare to have had an intrigue with Mistress Mary Fitton. As there is no real evidence whatever to connect Mary Fitton either with Shakespeare or with Bacon or with the Sonnets themselves, this argument would not appear to take one very far. Incidentally, however, one comes on another quite delightful example of how literary history is written. So far as we can follow Mr. Begley, he holds that the "Dark Lady" of the Sonnets was not only Mary Fitton. She was also a woman of lower rank, perhaps "a citizen's wife of doubtful virtue, whose shop was the resort of the fashionable gallants." And he is more than a little tempted to accept Mrs. Stopes' identification of her with "Jacquinetta Vautrollier, the dark French connection (by marriage) of Richard Field the publisher." [She was, in fact, his wife.]

Since Field published Bacon's "Venus and Adonis" in 1593, this seems to be a shrewd suggestion, by no means improbable. But Mrs. Stopes has no evidence to back it up, except that Field was a Stratford man and knew Shakespeare the Player.

We should have thought that this was quite good enough, Mr. Begley. But it seems rather hard upon Jacquinetta Vautrollier, about whom literally nothing whatever is known, except that she was a Frenchwoman, and therefore, according to Mrs. Charlotte Carmichael Stopes, "probably dark and fascinating." This seems an imperfect basis on which to challenge any woman's reputation.

Let us now leave Mr. Begley, and be serious for a moment. One does not, of course, argue with Baconians. Mr. Begley and others of his sect make a grievance of this, and claim that the orthodox Shakespearean should cease from ridicule and denunciation, and should offer a serious reply to the serious case put before them. But why? It has been our fortune, in the course of a reviewer's business and not without some expert knowledge of the facts of literary history drawn upon, to read through a considerable number of Baconian treatises. On the evidence of these alone and without any similar consideration of the various refutations which have been published, we do not hesitate to say that there is no *prima facie* case whatever to answer. The whole of the pullulating mess of mushroom literature which has sprung up around the question in recent years is the production of writers who, even where they are not actually dishonest, are at least incapable of dealing with any literary problem in accordance with the canons of sound reasoning. And of course the *prima facie* case which would lead one to question the constantly repeated attribution of Shakespeare's plays to Shakespeare on contemporary title-pages would have to be very strong indeed. There is no better evidence available from the authorship of anybody's works, after the period within which personal witnesses can be produced has elapsed. The real difficulty in handling the Baconians lies in the fact that their literary methods are only the *reductio ad absurdum* of those practised by many writers who would very much resent being classed with them. Take, for instance, the identifications by Mr. Thomas Tyler and Mrs. Charlotte Carmichael Stopes of the "Dark Lady" with Mary Fitton and Jacquinetta Vautrollier respectively, which have been already referred

to. Neither writer, so far as we know, is a Baconian. But both theories are founded, not upon evidence at all, but at the most upon stray links preserved out of a chain of evidence of which the rest has rusted away for ever. You cannot really reconstruct literary history out of single facts and obscure allusions, at whose context it is impossible to do more than guess. Yet, in literary history as in theology, nobody is content not to know. And it cannot be too emphatically repeated, that this way Baconianism lies.

A Hindu Poem.

THE RHAGUVANCA. By Kalidasa. Translated by P. de Lacy Johnstone. (Dent. 6s.)

FOR his enterprise in giving us an English version of this extremely important and celebrated Hindu poem Mr. de Lacy Johnstone deserves warm thanks. The form in which he has chosen to do so we much regret. One knows not how to deplore sufficiently the singular and persistent ill-counsel which leads men skilled in Oriental languages, but not skilled in poetry, to give us not the scholarly prose version they might give us, but something which is neither faithful translation nor good poetry. The inevitable departures from accurate fidelity which a metrical version compels are only compensated if we get the inner and higher fidelity of poetry replaced by poetry. But few scholars can give us this. A man who cannot produce even accomplished and feeling verse in his own tongue does not become capable of poetry by having the matter to his hand in another language. It seems a favourite but fatal fallacy that what is poetry in one language, if translated into due lengths and garnished with a sufficiency of diction from standard poetic sources, must needs make poetry in another. It only makes poor verse. And a good prose translation of a poem is more poetical than even moderate verse. This might have been a valuable prose translation: it is not a valuable metrical translation. Being an epic Mr. Johnstone has conscientiously gone to Milton for his model, and Miltonises as best he may. The metre is a faint Miltonic echo; shreds of Miltonic diction are strewn through the version, like plums in an Anglo-Saxon dough—for the general language is homely enough. At times trailing into prosaic conventionality, it would in general be adequate enough, if he were not weighted with the felt necessity of being "poetic" and Miltonic. That leads him into the stilted and threadbare device of dropping the article. "By carven stair he mounted to the throne"; "Then sat he down on diamond-sparkling seat"; "Traced lines on golden footstool"; such phrases are continual. One ushers in a curious example of the prosaic conventionality into which Mr. Johnstone sometimes trails, with bathetic effect:—

Auspicious music floated from the conchs
In ambient air, and through the city groves
Glad peacocks madly danced.

Elsewhere, "The princess slightly bowed"—with the effect of a drawing-room novel. The heavy Miltonic movement goes uneasily with the curt Anglo-Saxon syllables which prevail in the translation. Nor does it accord well with Kalidasa's own style of narrative, graceful and flowery, having more likeness to Spenser than to Milton. The translation, in fine, must needs have value as being the sole English version of the poem. But it might have had more value with a wiser choice of medium.

That we ought to have a translation is unquestionable. Kalidasa's epic stands at the head of India's classical age. The heroic—what we might call the Homeric—age produced two great epics; the behemoth bulk of the *Mahabharata*, and the *Ramayana* of Valmiki—India's most popular epic. Then came what might be called

the literary epic, in which the writers modelled themselves on their predecessors with a distinctly literary aim, as did Virgil on Homer, Milton on Virgil and Homer: it was no longer the spontaneous impulse of national legend. Of these lesser but still beautiful epics Kalidasa's is the greatest. It belongs to the time when India became conscious of herself as a literary nation, when she began to create for herself not only a great poetry, but a great drama. Of all her dramatists Kalidasa was the greatest: his *Sakuntala* has been played even on the stage of remote Paris, and stirred the admiration of Goethe. Considering, indeed, his eminence alike in drama, epic, and lyric, he may fairly be called the greatest of Hindu poets. He has a luxuriant and delicate fancy, a tender sentiment, and (what never fails these Hindu bards) a fertile invention. Therewith he has a more chastened taste than most of his fellows, in whom limit or curb is not. The unrestraint, the lack of measure, the overseeded fancy of the nation seem imaged in their enormous pantheon of many-headed, innumerable-armed, and monstrous deities; and are (one thinks) a product of that fierce sun which breeds their jungles to "strange overgrowth."

Even the *Rhaguvanca* (despite our praise of Kalidasa's comparative restraint) seems an overlawless epic to the Western mind. It has been said of "Paradise Lost" that it does not end, but leaves off. Much more absolutely might it be said of the *Rhaguvanca*. True, we have it in a fragmentary state. But were it complete, one feels the effect would be intrinsically the same. There is no plan with an ordered beginning, culmination, and finale. It bears, in fact, to our Western epic somewhat the same relation which the chronicle-drama bears to the structurally-perfect drama. It comes nearer, perhaps, to the Norse or Icelandic saga than to our epic; but the saga is symmetrical beside it. In effect, it tells not the story of some given hero, but of a line of kings: "Rhagu's Line" (as is the meaning of the title). They are a divine race, as are all these legendary kings, and the exploits of any one would make fair epic material. But having duly consigned him to deification (like Roman emperors, they all become gods on dying), Kalidasa placidly pursues the history of his son. Thus the interest perpetually culminates, drops, and is resumed to culminate afresh: whence you have a linked succession of little epics more truly than one great one.

But at least Kalidasa avoids that crying sin of Hindu epic, the episode, and episode within episode, which makes them a kind of gigantic Arabian Nights. And he develops artistically the career of each king while he is about it. The true climax of the poem (with characteristic perverseness, to our Western notion) comes in the middle: when the god Vishnu announces his intent to honour the family by becoming incarnate in it, and is born as the hero Rama. The giant Ravana, having by austerities become a god and usurped the place of Indra the Thunderer, is "playing it low down" on the other gods. He is only vulnerable by a mortal; and Vishnu incarnates himself as Rama to overthrow the tyranny of this Ravana. With his final success, his tragic separation from his queen Sita, and ultimate re-ascent to heaven, the poem might have had a full close. But Valmiki had treated the same theme in the *Ramayana*; and therefore, perhaps, Kalidasa felt it necessary to continue the history of his successors, and fall upon anticlimax.

Even through the disguise of what we must regretfully consider this unsuccessful English metrical version, the beauties of the original poetry intermittently glance out: one feels the narrative skill, one perceives charming images, and others which need but more perfect expression to be lovely, as one surmises they are in the original. One is aware of tenderness which can readily be conceived exquisite in its native dress. So the reader may partly

guess the beauty of the song which rouses the sleeping Prince Aja:—

The waning moon now sinks, and leaves the prize
Of beauty to thy face—Whom Lakshmi wooed,
Forsaken and despised by thee for sleep.
Unclose thine eyes, that so by mutual gift
Thy beauty and the lily's may increase,
Where roll or pupils dark or black wild bees.
The morning breeze, that vainly seeks to win
From other source the scent of thy sweet breath,
Tears from their stalks the flowers that loosely hang
On blossoming trees, or woos the lotus bright
New opening to the sun.

Thy elephants have burst the bands of sleep,
They drag their clanking chains, and quit their couch;
Their tusks like fresh buds gleam when bathed in light
Shed by the morning sun.
These steeds Vanayu-bred, O mild-eyed prince,
Bound with long tent-ropes, shaking slumber off,
Stain with hot breath the rock-salt left to lick.
Thy flower-wreaths languish now, and now the lamps
Burn dim, and lose the halo of their rays.

Lakshmi, of course, is the Hindu Venus. Despite the infelicitous wording of the English line in which it occurs, the freshness and boldness of the image by which the eyes are compared to "wild black bees" must strike any reader. The scene which follows, of the Princess Indumati's *swayamvara*, or maiden-choice, is one of the most interesting in the poem. Her father has given notice to all kings that his daughter will choose a husband on a certain day, and the flower of Indian princes are assembled to await her choice among them. It is a custom constantly mentioned in Sanskrit legend, showing a feminine freedom very different from what now prevails in India. The scene strikingly recalls the scene of a Western tournament for some princess's hand, as painted by our own poets; and has equally striking contrasts. The behaviour of the princes, endeavouring to hide their anxiety and display themselves gracefully in the lady's eyes, is drawn with minute, almost luxuriant precision, and strong dramatic instinct. Here, too, is a striking image. As the princess passes on, leaving disappointed suiters behind her, they are compared to "wayside trees, lit up for a moment by the traveller's torch." So it is in the translator's prose summary; but in the version itself it runs:—

Lit for a moment by her dazzling eyes,
Like wayside tower by passing lamp.

Surely a strange discrepancy! Single images, indeed, might be quoted profusely from the poem; and despite the poetic inadequacy of the translation, we have no doubt that many will make acquaintance with it, drawn on by the narrative skill, and the revelation of a strange Eastern life.

Charlotte Yonge.

CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE: HER LIFE AND LETTERS. By Chistabel Coleridge. (Macmillan. 12s. 6d. net.)

ALREADY some of the interest of a past period clings to the books and the life of Miss Charlotte Yonge. The general outlook upon existence is already markedly different. One has only to take up a copy of "The Heir of Redcliffe," or "The Daisy Chain," to feel conscious of a domestic atmosphere almost as completely passed away, as that of the times when children and servants alike were periodically beaten as a matter of course; without it their worthlessness was regarded as unassailable. Whether the alteration is desirable or not may be regarded as a

debatable question. Sentiment certainly, in the earlier part of the last century, was inclined to be both strained and artificial. The religious pomposity of family life was liable to produce revulsion or affectation. Character lost breadth, and the generosity of a more genial standpoint. Individuality had an almost impossible struggle to assert itself, and its survival was rare, ashamed, and regarded at the best as a dangerous and undesirable quality. At the same time, it was a period when the conscience of the middle classes in England was peculiarly alive, and the sense of duty, of the domestic duties especially, produced a majority of thoughtful, grave, and very solidly good men and women.

Miss Yonge was born at the very zenith of this severely moral period, coming into the world at Otterborne, where her people lived, in August, 1823. For years an only child, there was, in accordance with the spirit of the time, no thought even of spoiling her. The idea of a delicious, joyous young spirit to be enjoyed as well as educated was never for a moment entertained. Childhood stretched ahead as a purely disciplinary and correctional preface to a life of later usefulness and wisdom.

Charlotte, distinguished as a child for high spirits, was constantly repressed, and the deplorable Edgeworth system—though modified, we are told, "by religion and good sense"—was in full force as a method of upbringing. Dry bread and milk were Charlotte's daily breakfast and supper—"eggs, ham, jam, and the rest, no one dreamt of giving them to children." There were no holidays, and, as was inevitable under the Edgeworth system, the future authoress appears to have been somewhat of a prig. The following episode is typical. A good-natured housemaid, who thought the child somewhat cruelly treated, once brought her up some bread and butter, the buttered side turned downwards. "With conscious pride and honour I denounced the deceit." The story would have been prettier without the self-satisfied denouncement.

In spite of stormy lessons with her father, Miss Yonge appears to have been fairly happy, and the chief interest of this autobiography of her girlhood lies in the immense contrast it presents to the modern methods of education. So little, for instance, was out-of-door life considered necessary for children, that to the end of her days Miss Yonge looked upon much open-air exercise as a waste of time; while so strenuous was education that we hear of her brother Julius joining her Latin lessons at the early age of five.

The publications of her novels, however, are the supreme points of Miss Yonge's existence. She had always, she says, her head full of stories, but we hear practically nothing of this until the time when, in combination with the ideas of a friend—Miss Dyson—she commenced seriously to write a long novel. The beginning of her literary career occasioned an amusing incident. Before she published her first book "Abbey Church," a family council was held as to whether she should be allowed to do so. Permission was finally given on the condition that she took no money for it—that whatever she made should be given to some good work—as it was considered unladylike to earn money by writing. A further glimpse of the binding influence of parental authority in those days is conveyed apropos of the first sketch written of her novel "Kenneth." Every evening her father had what was written in the day read out to him. He then freely criticised, altering as he chose. So little at last had the unfortunate authoress a free hand, that dutiful as she was, she found it impossible to go on, and the novel was laid aside, to be re-written later.

"The Heir of Redcliffe" proved an immediate and unexpected success. More than that, it was an influence. The hero Guy created, in fact, almost a new era in fiction, the "good hero" type previously being very little popular in fiction, which had never wholly slipped the leash of the Byronic conceptions. Curiously enough, men

were immensely taken with "The Heir of Redcliffe." Her brother, then in the army, noticed that almost every man in his regiment possessed a copy, and the Pre-Raphaelite school, with William Morris and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, made Guy their model as the ideal male character. Miss Yonge certainly helped to invest the idea of goodness with a romantic charm, and her books exercised a genuine influence upon the younger generation of her period.

Except for literary excitements, however, Miss Yonge's was an uneventful and rather placid life. Deeply religious, her greatest enthusiasm was for missionary propaganda. Indeed, her half exultant regret at the murder, or in her own words at the "martyrdom," of a missionary bishop has an undertone of a slightly grim liking for martyred additions to the cause of the Lord. Her letters were lengthy, but not interesting from a public or literary point of view. Miss Yonge travelled very little, and her interests were narrow, personal, confined to a small circle of friends, and a great simplicity of pleasures. Her life reveals a wholesome-minded, cheerful, and religious woman, but the mental capacity, outside her novels, shows no signs of being either exceptional, or marked by any great critical or perceptive faculties. She writes of things and people forming part of her personal existence, but with a very limited breadth of outlook, and without the least suggestion of any sense of an underlying pathos and complexity below the plain and visible surface of existence.

The absence of all spiritual or mental difficulties, in fact, is a notable trait in her temperament. Her father dies, her mother dies, and in each case, with a brief reverent comment, Miss Yonge passes on to the subject of her writings, and to other interests of daily life. At heart she was essentially simple, and her books in consequence suffered to a certain extent from any real understanding of human nature. Her comprehension of character was neither profound nor subtle. She evolved her personalities out of her head, and placed them in the situations she required in order to work out the ideas upon which the book was originally founded. The writing was able, the capacity for building up a narrative good, but a living page of humanity remained beyond her powers. The imagination, the construction, the moral clarity, almost everything in fact was there, except just the quivering insight that would have galvanised her characters into a lasting vitality.

A Human Document.

MEMOIRS OF COUNT GRAMMONT. By Count Anthony Hamilton. Edited by Gordon Goodwin. (Bullen. 12s. net.)

THE "Mémoires du Comte de Grammont" are at once a human document and a haunting menace to the sentimentalists of historical fiction to whom the exploitation of the House of Stuart is an unchallenged preserve. Hamilton tells the story of the Chevalier with a naïveté more subtle than any other phase of irony, and nobody can say for certain how far he condemns or how far he expects us to condemn the exploits of his hero. These exploits, constantly bragged about, include the carelessly mentioned episode of cheating at cards. Hamilton makes no comment upon this or any other incident, and, what is more, he forces us by the very charm of his own detachment to waive further analysis on our own account. This Irishman found in the French language a new and incomparable vivacity which was extolled by Voltaire, who said that he "was the first to discover the genius of the French language."

His whole attitude of mind in reviewing the Court life of Charles II. is antagonistic to the English habit of thought. If an Englishman sees clearly beneath the surface of things, his lucidity is utilitarian, and he uses it to scourge vice and imposture. That is why M. Taine

regarded Thackeray as having been a moralist even before he was an artist. That is why there is such an immeasurable gulf between Manon Lescaut and Becky Sharp, between a Tartarin and a Joseph Sedley. Now, Hamilton sees the Chevalier and his surroundings with a merciless lucidity, and the result is a wonderful picture without the intrusion of so much as a gesture of scorn. He lives before us, the witty, indolent King with his foreign grace and his imperturbable endurance of the complaints of women. Poor sentimentalists of historical fiction, how the Chevalier draws the last veil of illusion from these companions of royalty, from the symmetrical Miss Stewart to that joyous mad-cap, Nell Gwynne. Was not the levity of the first only excelled by her banality, and did not the second claim the King of England as her Charles III.? And those exquisite followers of the Stuart fortunes, the Maids of Honour, how the Chevalier seems to grimace into their very souls. What a picture it is with Dick Talbot (Lying Dick) and little Jermyn and Arran and Killegrew all framing an imposing background for the Comte de Grammont! And Hamilton sees them all, knows them all, and never lifts an eye-brow!

The Chevalier's familiar friend and brother exile was St. Evremond, who once addressed him in these lines:—

Insolent en prospérité,
Fort courtois en nécessité,
L'âme en fortune libérale,
Aux créanciers pas trop loyale.

Well, St. Evremond is the only person in the book, excepting two or three distracted husbands, who is allowed to moralize, and he lectures the Chevalier in the following terms:—

Avoid love, by pursuing other pleasures: love has never been favourable to you, you are sensible how much gallantry has cost you; and every person here is not so well acquainted with that matter as yourself. Play boldly: entertain the court with your wit: divert the king by your ingenious and entertaining stories; but avoid all engagements which can deprive you of this merit, and make you forget you are a stranger and an exile in this delightful country.

Play boldly and please the king—is not this like some modern parody of an ancient faith? For people who did not play the infinitely tricky game of pleasing the king boldly or intelligently enough there was one great punishment—the country. That drove the strongest hearts to despair, and turned Rochester himself into a bourgeois in the city declaiming against the profligacy of the court before he became "a famous German doctor." That was the punishment inflicted by her husband upon poor Lady Chesterfield against the tyranny of which the Chevalier inveighed with real feeling.

We live in a censorious age, and it is only quite recently that Rochester himself was pilloried on the score of dulness. Whatever else the Chevalier may be accused of it is certainly not that. But some of us may wish that his sinister smile were not quite so cruelly vivid, that his tongue had touched with less mordant emphasis some great names, that in short one or two illusions concerning what he calls a "natural" government had been spared to us. As a matter of fact he experienced, according to Hamilton, an almost romantic attachment for Miss Hamilton, who eventually became his wife. But even here the element of apish comedy was not lacking, for we are told in the Introduction that he was on the point of leaving for France without her when he was overtaken by her brothers, who inquired if he had forgotten nothing. "Ah," he replied, "true; I have forgotten to marry your sister." He turned back on the spot and married her. His brother-in-law omits this episode from his narrative, but it casts a singular side-light upon a courtship which, if adroit rather than impassioned, seems in these pages at all events genuine. Whatever else he was, however, the

Chevalier was singularly well equipped to be a commentator upon the age in which he lived. It was an age in which strength and brutality were very thinly masked by affectation and grace, an age which threw into license the same energies that it had thrown into war, an age, moreover, which in a confused and distorted fashion saw in this very license a phase of revenge for past injury. That at least was the spirit of the court and the town; even the society of Rochester and Lady Chesterfield could not lure the Comte de Grammont to study life in the country. Perhaps it is just as well, for there he would have been a man with a grievance, and a moralist, instead of the most urbane of exiles and a raconteur.

Disappointing.

JOURNALS OF FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT VON BLUMENTHAL, FOR 1866 AND 1870-71. Edited by Count Albrecht Von Blumenthal. Translated by Major A. D. Gillespie-Addison. (Arnold. 12s. 6d. net.)

THESE journals, says the editor, were written to serve as notes for further memoirs, and are, therefore, only fragments. Nevertheless, as the jottings, made at the time, of a celebrated Prussian Field-Marshal and Chief of the Staff, they must needs possess great value for future military historians. They cover the two great wars of modern times, between Prussia and Austria in 1866, and between Germany and France in 1870-71. From the general reader's point of view, however, it must be said, they are singularly disappointing. With a tithe of the opportunities which Von Blumenthal had, any tolerably competent journalist would have made thrice as interesting and informing a journal of these great events. From the general literary or even historical point of view, the trouble with most soldiers is that they take too much—far too much—for granted. Not only the pictorial side of war (which one does not expect them to see), but plans and the details of plans, general movements and the details of general movements, are passed over as matters of course, the routine of the day's work not calling for notice because there is nothing in it out of the way. Only when plans and so forth go wrong, when hitches arise, do we begin to hear of them. Then the soldier's personal interest is aroused. So it comes that we turn with interest to the famous day of Königgratz (or Sadowa) where Blumenthal took a decisive part, coming up when the "Red Prince" was desperately engaged with the Austrian front, and taking the enemy between hammer and tongs. There is absolutely scarce any account of the battle. "I made my dispositions; we marched according to orders; when I came up Prince Frederick Charles was hotly engaged; we had some tough fighting. When the Austrians retreated I had leisure to look over the field of this dreadful battle:" that is about the sum of what Blumenthal tells you regarding the "crowning mercy" of the Seven Weeks' War. It reads almost like the account of a close but casual skirmish. He is much more interested about the cavalry which failed to come up, than about the battle itself. They failed to come up, there is the thing—there was a hitch. The battle was all as it should be. Therefore the hitch alone "catches on" to his methodical military mind, though it was a quite minor thing—a mere detail in the great affair of the battle. So it is with the Franco-German War, so it is with the struggle round Paris. The journal is filled with complaints, with little hitches, little difficulties, with his colds, with the stupidities of the General Staff, with everything which went wrong, and worried his sense of order and of what should be. The victory of Orleans (in which, to be sure, he had no part) when it comes, is dismissed in brief general terms; but the delays and contretemps before it came are grumbled about in harassed detail. It is not stimulant to the general or historical reader.

Von Blumenthal has a constant grudge against princely officials, and all the entourage of courtly commanders. It appears in 1866:—

Headquarters are not to me an impressive experience. A crowd of long-faced loafers is always an odious sight, especially when they greet one in a sort of condescending manner, fancying themselves omniscient, and apportioning blame freely, in some cases not knowing or understanding the circumstances.

In the French war he is yet bitterer. "If only the King with all the Princes and his Staff would go away, we could make short work of the business, and soon bring peace within measurable distance," he cries before Paris; and his complaints of the stupidity of the royal Staff are continual. It is curious to find that even Moltke himself was not omnipotent, but was sometimes overriden by the King in regard to movements which he thought advisable. "Looking so long through the telescope made my eyes quite sore, and rendered me at last half blind," is the one little vivid touch at Sedan; which, for the rest, is described in the usual general fashion—nothing one has not heard a hundred times, and heard much better. No, war related by a Prussian Chief of Staff is a fearfully prosaic business.

Pen and Brush.

LETTERS FROM THE HOLY LAND. By Elizabeth Butler. (Black. 7s. 6s. net.)

LADY BUTLER'S volume is interesting for two reasons: it contains the impressions of an artist in a medium with which she is unfamiliar, as well as her impressions in a medium with which she is familiar. We are not disappointed in either aspect of this most pleasant and sincere book. Apart from the charm of the drawings, there is a distinct literary charm. These letters have simplicity, observation, and an unusual sense of form—unusual, that is, as coming from one whose accepted means of artistic expression are in the brush and not in words. The book contains some quite admirable descriptions; they are, of necessity, a painter's descriptions, appealing primarily to the visual sense; but those of us who know the ordinary run of painter's descriptions will recognise in Lady Butler's a faculty of verbal expression distinctly beyond the average. Take this, for instance:—

As I returned, towards sunset, and climbed the steep sides of the Valley of Jehoshaphat up to St. Stephen's Gate—the shortest way to the City—I looked back towards the scene of my happy labours, and a sight lay there below me which impressed me, I am sure, for life. The western sides of the abyss which I was climbing were already in the shades of night, for twilight hardly exists here, but the opposite slopes received the red sunset light in its fullest force, and in that scarlet gleam shone out in intense relief thousands upon thousands of flat tombstones that cover the bones of countless Jews who have, at their devout request, been buried there to await, on the spot, the Last Judgment which they, and we, and the Mahometans all believe will take place in that valley.

In that passage also is indicated the note of Christian faith which is, perhaps, the strongest element in Lady Butler's book. She is sceptical of nothing; she accepts the influence of the environment in which she finds herself, and is too full of instinctive faith and memorial beauty to cavil over mere questions of topographical evidence. Concerning the Church of the Holy Sepulchre she writes:—

It was an overwhelming sensation to find the spaces that separate the sites so much vaster than I had expected, and to have, at every step, the conviction driven home that after all the modern wrangling and disputing the old tradition stands immovable.

This, after all, is the only spirit in which to visit "the land of little fruit trees" and the home and place of pilgrimage of the Christian faith.

In the main Lady Butler has not described the vivid human colouring of Palestine, and in her drawings she has carefully confined herself to sketching only scenes connected with "Our Lord's revealed life." But here and there we have excellent touches of almost realistic description, as in that of the lepers, which concludes: "And then we go to our *table d'hôte* and comfortable beds, and they—where do they sleep? Do they lie down on those bare bones?" Here again is a passage which is worth quoting:—

To-day we first visited the Wailing Place of the Jews. Strange and pathetic sight, these weird men and women and children weeping and moaning, with their faces against the gigantic stones of the wall that forms the only remaining portion of the foundation of their vanished Temple, praying Jehovah for its restoration to Israel; and over their heads rises in its strong beauty the Moslem Mosque of Omar, standing in the place of the "Holy of Holies," the varnished tiles of its dome ablaze with green and blue in the resplendent sun! Jews below, Moslems above, yet to the Christian, Christ everywhere!

To say that Lady Butler's text is on the same level as the drawings here reproduced in colour would be, perhaps, to say too much. Many of the drawings are delightful in tint and suggestion; those of the "Plain of Jordan" and "The Cenaculum" strike us as particularly happy.

Signs of Mind.

THE CREATION OF MATTER; OR, MATERIAL ELEMENTS, EVOLUTION AND CREATION. (Thomson Lectureship Trust.) By Rev. W. Profeit. (T. and T. Clark. 2s. net.)

IN this eloquent little volume, the author, equipped with scholarship, breadth of knowledge, and a style which, perhaps naturally enough, is suggestive of an Old Testament model, states the evidence for his thesis that Nature is the work of an all-intelligent mind, "that in its primal elements, however far back we may have to go to find them, there are so many signs of mind as to render it evident that they are the product of an understanding that is infinite, of a hand that is omnipotent." The author's treatment, brief and simple though it be, is worthy of the theme. When the Dervish was asked, "How do you know that there is a God?" he answered, "How do I know that it was a camel, not a man, who passed my tent last night?" "By the footprints," was the reply. Pointing to the sun, he said, "That is a footprint, and not of a man, but a God." This is Mr. Profeit's argument. Ranging over the whole of nature, drawing his illustrations from as wide a range as Haeckel, he argues that the "signs of mind on matter are as clear and distinct as if we had seen the Eternal Mind marching in majesty through space, leaving suns and planets behind him as his footprints." The root of his difference from Haeckel is to be found in the assertion that "the particles of matter have not in them conscious intelligence," and from this he makes the great induction of an intelligent First Cause; for "matter is crammed with ideas."

Of the atoms of any one substance the author well phrases it that "they are minute, but the exactness of their correspondence in minuteness is still more minute." Happy also is his remark upon the invisibility of light: "light is not that which is manifest, but that which makes manifest." It would be well to correct the statement that light does not make the atmosphere to glow with colour, as the blue of the sky is, of course, a selective absorption of sunlight. The statement that there are only seven colours is also unscientific. There are billions of colours. Incorrect also is the analogy drawn between the seven easily audible octaves of sound and the seven colours. As a matter of fact, we only see just about one octave of light, to the notes of which octave the well-marked colours might be likened. Nor is it correct to say that light and

sound motions begin and end where we can see and hear, and to use this as a proof of the adaptation of elasticity to our ends. And—our last quarrel with the author—we do not think it well to speak of life as an "element."

His argument against the "carbon-theory" of Haeckel would gain in strength if, as they should be, sulphur and phosphorus were added to nitrogen, hydrogen, and oxygen as equally necessary with carbon for the production of protoplasm. But it is only just to say that we have quoted all the errors we could discover, and that the author's manner must add to his matter a charm and a newness even for those familiar with, and perhaps therefore too contemptuous of, its interest.

Other New Books.

MY NATURE NOTE-BOOK. By E. Kay Robinson. (Isbister. 2s. 6d.)

A BRIGHT, pleasant, and well-informed little book—a book, indeed, infinitely more engaging than scores of more elaborate garden books. As a rule, in nature books, we look either for facts or good writing: we seldom get the two combined. In this volume we have both. The writing is quite unpretentious, but it is easy and always equal to any demands made upon it. Mr. Robinson takes the round of the year and gives us bird, plant, and insect notes; but the birds are his favourites, and he brings to their study a kindly and human observation. "So soon as you begin," he says, "to calculate profit and loss in natural history you are lost in a wilderness of doubts." Even the wasp may do more good than harm; he eats our fruit and often resents our interference with his sting, but he also makes war on the flies which we detest. As an example of Mr. Robinson's pleasant manner we may quote the following concerning peewits and gulls on their feeding ground:—

... the plovers manage well enough with their ears alone; for wherever you see—as you may see every day in autumn on the East coast when the ploughs are idle—a number of plovers and gulls on the ground together, you may be sure that the plovers are finding dinners for themselves, and the gulls too. There is no charity in the matter, however. The stress of the struggle for existence forbids wild creatures to exhibit this virtue towards each other; and on the gull's part it is sheer blackmail and piracy which leads him to seek the plover's company.

When the plover secures his worm the gull pounces upon him; the plover rises, and in the excitement of the chase drops the worm. The gull drops after it, eats it, and "resumes his statuesque attitude of observation of the peewits around him."

The volume is thoughtfully provided with blank pages at the end on which readers may make their own notes.

HERTFORDSHIRE. By Herbert W. Tompkins. "The Little Guides" Series. (Methuen. 3s.)

UPON the title-page of this book Mr. Tompkins has set the inevitable quotation from Charles Lamb, "Hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire." In Lamb's day Hertfordshire was a county practically unexplored; indeed, it remained so until the great invasion of the cyclist, and still it has quiet places, ideal and leafy fastnesses, which harbour the old life and the old names and the old ways of simple existence. Not so long ago Elstree was practically as remote from London as York—now it is by way of being a respectable and flourishing suburb; in the churchyard is buried that thief and murderer, William Weare, who was himself murdered in 1823 by an equally notorious rascal. Was there not a broad-sheet

song beginning "His Name was Mr. William Weare," or something of that sort? Hertfordshire, like most English counties, is rich in happy place nomenclature: Heavensgate, Hexton, Patient End, Pepperstock, Stevenage, Wheathampstead are names full of suggestion. And of great men who have lived there there is an almost endless list, though few, comparatively, were born within its borders. Chaucer was clerk of the works at Berkhamstead Castle; Sir John Maundeville reported that he was born at St. Albans; and there lived and died Dr. Cotton. Bacon lived at Gorham-bury, Bulwer Lytton at Knebworth, and Macaulay went to school at Aspenden.

The Gazetteer is full and clear, and the general information succinct and well set forth. Mr. New's illustrations are always interesting, and those in this little volume are as good as usual. Chapters are also included dealing with the county's physical features, climate, flora and fauna, and so forth.

THIRTY YEARS IN AUSTRALIA. By Ada Cambridge. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

THIS is one of those interesting autobiographies dealing certainly with the small things of life and matters of local consequence, but described with such character and with a point of view so entirely charming, that one comes to the belief that this tittle-tattle of the Bush thirty years ago and these struggles and tea parties of poor curates are not merely topical, but are common to the lives of all men. Miss Cambridge is, perhaps, at her keenest when sitting in judgment on those who are immediately responsible in the Federated Government. This chapter of politico-industrial matters is quite by the way, and the reader is warned not to read it, if his sole object is amusement for an idle hour. But nevertheless this chapter belongs to the sketch, and completes one's idea of the Bush surroundings. It will be noted that the author's work is not confined to her immediate sphere: she has a keen scent for smug theology, and has none of the limitations of the parochial mind. On the contrary, she is rather pleased with the idea of herself as a "writing person," and is proud of her association with the Australian press. An agreeable, and sometimes a stimulating book, by one who knows her subject well.

The fourth volume of the Illustrated Edition of "Social England" (Cassell) covers the period from the accession of James I. to the death of Anne. Over twenty writers have contributed to this volume, including Prof. Saintsbury, Prof. C. Oman, and Sir W. Laird Clowes. The illustrations are numerous and well reproduced.

In "Open-Air Studies in Bird Life" (Griffin), by Charles Dixon, we have a series of sketches of British Birds in their proper environment. Nearly all indigenous birds have been included. The volume is designed as a popular introduction to the study of Ornithology, and therefore is by no means exhaustive. But Mr. Dixon has packed much useful information into his pages. The volume is fully illustrated.

NEW EDITIONS: New issues of Dickens continue to appear with astonishing regularity. In addition to their "Biographical Edition," Messrs. Chapman and Hall are now publishing a "Fireside Edition," the first three volumes of which consist of "Sketches by Boz," "The Pickwick Papers," and "Oliver Twist." The original illustrations by Cruikshank, Phiz, &c., are included, and the prices vary, according to the bulk of the volumes, from one and sixpence to two shillings.

Fiction.

A STRETCH OFF THE LAND. By G. Stewart Bowles. (Methuen. 6s.)

IN these sketches and stories the author of "A Gun-Room Ditty Box" celebrates the Gun-Room Mess in prose. He writes with considerable buoyancy of the junior officers of a man-of-war, youths upon whom no public school has laid its hand, and whose manhood is awaited by no "begging Foundation, rotten with age, and doting in the ivy of its swamps." Mr. Bowles describes the life of the ship with minute knowledge, and there are matters upon which his views do not accord with those of the Admiralty. "Sidgwick - Administrator" confides his opinion on the impending executive rank for engineers, of which the "tiffies" and the newspapers are talking. "If they get it . . . they'll break the service with it. It's God's own truth. Write it, sir. Tell 'em that." The picture of the stoker who, in becoming a railway signalman, had missed his true vocation is admirably drawn:—

"Fires is my business, fires and iron, iron and fires, like my father's before me; natural as drinkin' milk. In the boxes 'twas the same. I was always fretting that I wasn't in the shops. You remember; I see it now. Couldn't stand it, never could. Couldn't never stand and hear an express strikin' her pace to the westward or layin' up the night again into Waterloo without feelin' that something was wrong. . . . Then they shifted me into that box by the new line; you remember that; at the top of the drop into Salisbury. Did we used to know that box a bit? Did we talk a bit? Ho! you and me!" He chuckled to himself, and drew pictures with one finger in the thin clinging dust.

Mr. Bowles has felt the romance of the ship and of the sea, and writes with unmistakable descriptive power.

THE ADVANCED-GUARD. By Sydney C. Grier. (Blackwood. 6s.)

"NOT the cushion and the slipper . . . Pioneers," exclaimed Whitman, and the manly austerity of Sydney C. Grier's heroes is not to be excelled by any "tan-faced child" of Nebraska or Colorado. But there is much more here than an exhibition of moral fibre; there is swift-footed and coherent romance in which a remarkable personality is presented to us against a background of Asiatic wilderness and tribal unrest. The time of the story is the fifties, and the chief character is employed in the pacification and development of a district within call of Ethiopia. Colonel Keeling is his name, and the huge and indomitable soldier has seldom, if ever, been better drawn. A nagger of the powers that be, an inveterate quoter of the poems of Scott, a hustler and martinet, and at the same time great-hearted and patriotic, he is alive and lovable, and the library that holds his story offers a worthy substitute for an absent friend. The passage which records how the news of his wife's death was imparted to Colonel Keeling shall be quoted for a certain delicacy foreign to "full-bodied" fiction and indicative of an original mind:—

The servants . . . fell away from [Colonel Keeling] as he sprang up the steps, but the old khansaman ventured to speak as he saw his master pause to unbuckle the sword which clanked behind him. "It is not necessary, sahib," he murmured humbly; but Colonel Keeling looked straight through him, laid the sword noiselessly on a chair, and went on.

The portrait of Ferrers, an unstable young officer who embraces Islam to save himself from the horrors of an Asiatic gaol, is addressed to the gallery inasmuch as he ultimately becomes a martyr. Yet it must be pronounced praiseworthy for an author to deal so sympathetically with a bumptious renegade that he stands almost excused, while by every convention of rhetoric he is

contemptible. Sydney C. Grier is like most English novelists, careful not to let her atmosphere absorb her people or tone them down to it. In Lady Haigh, one of two European ladies, she introduces us to a good-natured, intriguing mistress of commonplace in whose society it is possible to forget that Tooting is not in Asia.

IN THE GARDEN OF CHARITY. By Basil King. (Harpers. 6s.)

THERE is much that is good in this new novel of Mr. King's, so much that we could wish the whole were better. The idea is excellent, and by no means wanting in originality. Charity is the deserted wife of a gay young soldier, who left her three months after marriage, and for whom she has been waiting in her garden by the sea for eleven years. When news at last comes of him, it is to the effect that he is living with another woman; and so her dream of eleven years is shattered in an instant. Up to this point our sympathies are naturally with Charity; but the story shifts to the other woman's house, and our sympathies are suddenly with the passionate and beautiful Hagar, who believes herself to be William's wife, and is only undeceived when he tells her the truth, and declares his intention of going home to spend his last days—the man is dying—with his lawful wife. Nor do we feel entirely antipathetic towards William, who is by no means the callous villain this sort of character is generally represented to be in fiction; and the scenes between him and Hagar, when he tries to get away from her and she tries to keep him, are among the best in the book. After his death, the story becomes an account of how Charity, having discovered that Hagar is not what she has always imagined a bad woman to be, effaces herself even to the extent of letting the poor creature pose as his widow while she herself wears coloured frocks and feigns cheerfulness with a breaking heart, for the sake of hiding Hagar's real story from the neighbours. In the end, Hagar rewards her with the love she has earned from her; but the interest of the story lies rather in the clever way the characters of the two women are contrasted, and the very natural manner in which, at the beginning, they alternately hate and pity each other. What does, in a measure, mar the book is the author's tendency to spoil the dignity of a situation by enforcing the prettiness or the sentimentality of it.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

JOHN GAYTHER'S GARDEN.

By FRANK R. STOCKTON.

"John Gayther's Garden, and the stories told therein." John Gayther was the gardener, but in former days he had led a life of adventure. He had been "a sailor, a soldier, a miner, a ranchman, and a good many other things besides." Three of the stories are told by himself. Others are related by the Daughter of the House, the Master of the House, the Next Neighbour, the Old Professor, and so on. There are eleven in all, and the fare is various. The book is illustrated. (Cassell. 6s.)

ALL ON THE IRISH SHORE.

By E. CE. SOMERVILLE AND
MARTIN ROSS.

Another volume of Irish sketches by the authors of "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M." Of the thirteen stories, many have the hunting-field as a background, and all are distinguished by the rollicking humour and strong grasp of Irish character which the authors have displayed in their former books. The volume has been cleverly illustrated by Miss Somerville. (Longmans. 6s.)

AS A TREE FALLS.

By L. PARRY TRUSCOTT.

A new volume in the Pseudonym Library. It is a cleverly written tale of a village flirtation, the chief characters being a baker, a youthful grocer, and "the new girl at Smyth's," who made the acquaintance of these swains as they called for orders, and conferred upon them, in turn, the privilege of her company on her "evenings out." This situation is developed with considerable humour and with much sympathetic characterisation. Mr. Truscott is the author of "The Poet and Penelope." (Unwin. 1s. 6d.)

SEMI SOCIETY.

By FRANK RICHARDSON.

A light-hearted story: period, King's Coronation. All the characters are well realized. There is a rich money-lender living in Berkeley Square; his wife, in love with a polished swindler who has just served a term of imprisonment; a young baronet who is ostracised by reason of his marriage with a Music Hall artiste; and many other personages who, however disagreeable they may be in the flesh, are sufficiently engaging when presented to us by the author of "The Man who Lost his Past." (Chatto.)

FROM THE UNVARYING STAR.

By ELSWORTH LAWSON.

A novel of religious controversy by the author of "Euphrosyne and her Golden Book." The hero is a young clergyman who obtains the charge of Zion Chapel in a small English village, but whose recent experience of the free intellectual life of a German University leads to differences between himself and his congregation. A quotation from Maeterlinck explains the title: "... yet shall the woman we elect always have come to us straight from the unvarying star." (Macmillan. 6s.)

THE BONNET CONSPIRATORS.

By VIOLET A. SIMPSON.

"A story of 1815." The action passes in an English sea coast village in the year of Waterloo. The plot turns on certain smuggling adventures by which the ladies of the village were supplied with their luxuriant trimmings for the bonnet of the period. Marie and her brother became deeply involved in the conspiracy, but "Lady Hepzibah, leaning on the Commandant's arm, wore the Bonnet at Marie's Wedding!" (Smith Elder. 6s.)

THE LADY OF THE CAMEO.

By TOM GALLON.

A story of mystery and intrigue which opens on "a rainy gusty night at the Nore." The young man who leaned upon the taff-rail of the big vessel felt that London drew him "like a magnet." On the evening of his arrival he saved a man from drowning, only to find that the latter wore on one of his fingers the ring which he had given, years ago, to the girl whom he had now come to London to seek. The plot depends upon grotesque coincidences, but the mystery is well maintained. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

ROVING HEARTS.

By K. AND HESKEITH PRICHARD.

Sixteen stories, some of which have already appeared in "The Cornhill Magazine." "The Flying Squadron" is "a story of the Black Republic." The history of Haytian politics, the authors tell us, would make incredible reading. "It is not generally known . . . that once upon a time the Haytian Republic saw fit to initiate a war against Russia, Germany, France . . . and every other Power with the exception of England and the United States." The preface maintains that this story is by no means a caricature. The scenes of the others are laid in many lands. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

We have also received: "A Girl's Life in a Hunting Country," by "Handasyde" (Lane); "The House of the Combrays," by G. Le Notre (Harper); "The Palace of Spies," by Herbert Compton (Treherne); "Near the Tsar near Death," by Fred Whishaw (Chatto); "The Law Breakers," by E. Spender (White).

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery Lane.

*The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.**Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.*

<i>Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage)</i>	17/8
" <i>Quarterly</i>	5/0
" <i>Price for one issue</i>	/5

"The Worship of Sorrow."

THROUGH a hurried accumulation of outward circumstances, due mainly to the application of a still dim knowledge of electricity, the people of to-day are apt to consider themselves as divorced, even in their inner selves, from the generations which preceded them. This point of view is so conspicuous as to need little comment, but it is curious to study the different phases of its expression in much of our contemporary verse. For the versifiers of to-day appear to be always conscious of an attitude of criticism, of a demand for something quite other than the emotional expression of ordinary joy and grief. In France this tendency has been submitted, as usual, to the tests of logic, and we have, for example, the formulæ of Verlaine's symbolism. In England, the home of commercial individualism and literary caprice, we have all sorts of distortions of rhymed prose writhing beneath the mask of poetry. To be exotic, to be "modern," to be detached from the common inheritance of doubt and fear—that is the aim of such a poet. He will express in sentences of a laboured preciosity the great simple thoughts that once leaped unbidden to a poet's lips. This he will do, and moreover, because of the savour of the lost virility, he will preserve sedulously as an anthologist the archaic simplicity of the older poets. But this, far from being a habit of thought peculiar to a few nations of modern Europe, was, as Mr. Mahaffy has observed, precisely the attitude of the dilettante of Alexandria during the post-Alexandrian period of Greek culture.

Again, it is one of our mental platitudes to consider the ancients as beings cast in the same mould, but otherwise differing entirely from ourselves. "The ancients,"—the very phrase has in it the impress of unimaginative arrogance, as though the youths and maidens who loitered together "in the time of peace before the sons of the Achæans came" were not in very truth as youths and maidens have always been, as youth must ever be until our race runs its course in the slow cooling of our planet. There is no dividing line of infinite separation, and the common bond between us and the far-off centuries is to be found over and over again in literature. It has found various phases of expression, but one supreme manifestation in the recognition, Pagan as well as Christian, ancient as well as modern, of the doubtfulness of the human destiny and of the individual's powerlessness in the face of the great unknown forces of which the human race is, as it were, the flattered plaything. This recognition of man's actual position in the universe was the keynote to the melancholy which underlay the blithe courage of the Greek as well as the slower steadfastness of the Roman. We find Homer brooding over the leaves swept hither and thither even as the destinies of mortals. We find Virgil ever conscious of "the doubtful doom of human kind." We find it in the sad challenge of the gods upon the questioning lips of Euripides. We find even the mocking Horace penetrated by the merciless message of the gliding years.

And even in the elemental religion of the Greeks, that extraordinary example of man's courage in the face of the unknown, there was a place for what Goethe has called "the worship of sorrow." It came, as Mr. Pater has pointed out with such rare sympathy for the ancient myth, from the very earth itself, from the yearly tragedy of summer's death. And then the poets took to themselves the legend, and Demeter became for all time the Greek symbol of the sanctity of sorrow. From that, indeed, no race and no generation has ever wholly escaped.

In an anthology of singular charm, "*Lyra Sacra*" (Methuen), of which a second edition has just been published, Canon Beeching has called attention to this common need of the human heart. From the fourteenth century to the twentieth we find in this little volume repetitions of a craving which external realities can never satisfy. We find, too, the expression of that strange protest against the triumph of life which offers the supreme crown to sorrow. We find it here from the lips of an anonymous fifteenth century poet:—

Long and love thou never so high,
My love is more than thine may be;
Thou gladdest, thou weapest, I sit thee by;
Yet wouldst thou once, love, look at me!
Should I always feed thee
With children's meat? Nay, love, not so!
I will prove thy love with adversity,
Quia amore langueo.

We find it in the "*In Memoriam*" of Tennyson:—

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.
So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry.

We find it alike in the "*Virginibus Puerisque*" of Geoffrey Chaucer and in "*The Celestial Surgeon*" of Robert Louis Stevenson. We find it in the lines "Written in his Bible the night before his execution" by Sir Walter Raleigh, and in the "*Morality*" of Matthew Arnold. It is in the "*Eternity*" of Herrick and in "*The Quip*" by Herbert; in "*A New and Old Year Song*" by Rossetti, and in the "*Magna est Veritas*" of Coventry Patmore.

It is true that, just as in the myth of Demeter there came afterwards the sweet promise of the restored Persephone, symbolic of an earthly solace, so, too, in this Christian expression of the universal worship of sorrow there is ever the note of hope for and faith in a divine and mystical consolation. But what seems to us to be universal and typical of human beings of all faiths, of all countries, and of all periods, is the deliberate turning away from the immediate and the transitory in search of the ultimate and the imperishable, and this attitude of thought we find everywhere in the "*Lyra Sacra*."

But there is one poem in this anthology which will appeal, probably, most inevitably to the readers of to-day: it is this:—

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.
On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm-in-arm, how pleasant here to pace;
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far-widening as we go.
On stormy nights, when wild north-westerns rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.
Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

In these beautiful lines Clough seems to utter the inmost secret of the human soul, the secret which has haunted poets from Euripides to Tennyson, the secret which links the earth-born sorrow of Demeter to the "Divine Grief" of Christianity.

And we laugh a little and love a little and hate a little as we sail idly between the "two eternities." But in a grim moment there comes to each one of us the certitude of unreality, and we turn away from what appears to be with a craving in our hearts to lift for one instant the impenetrable veil of being. In that moment differences of time and space cease to exist; the universe becomes a unit of which we are a part. The faint, inarticulate expression of this thought formulates a protest against the mockeries that had deceived our senses. That protest of which the potentiality is common to the human race, has found utterance in "the worship of sorrow."

Hans Breitmann.

IN reading American books, in studying that eager American life so unlike anything to be found in sober Europe, one learns why it is that, even with all Europe's culture ready to its hand like an axe to the pioneer, the Republic has not yet produced its poet, or its cunning artist, to give voice, or form, to the emotions, and the beauty, pulsing so hotly among its citizens. The land is too cosmopolitan. It says, as its one great mind said:—

I am large. I contain multitudes.

and it is perhaps not unfair to liken its literati, as they are at this day, to four and twenty blackbirds baking in a pie. So many ingredients will have to combine, and resolve, and crystallize; so many "grounds" will have to settle, so many bubbles to arise and burst, before the dish can be dainty and fit for the President's table, that it is likely to be a great while before the artists have a medium with which to work, let alone a skill in the shaping and moulding of the material.

They are a great people, these Americans, and a new people, and a people struggling to make something new from an old speech and a set of old traditions. Their impetuous hearts are even now changing that old speech into something quaint and strange (I cannot say "rich" and strange) which is quicker, as it seems, and snappier, and which reminds one of an electric lamp set within an old horn lantern. Everywhere one sees the ingredients in the cauldron, bubbling, and seething, and imparting, each one of them, some flavour or smack to the great pie they help to make. Here is Mr. Dooley with his Irishman's ways of speech that stick in the popular mind, and that thousands use daily. There is Uncle Remus—a tenth of the population speaks the "English" of Uncle Remus. There is John Chinaman and Jhonna Dago, but they are not vocal, I believe, as yet; and there is the most potent of all the alien influences, that of the late Mr. Leland's Hans Breitmann and the fine class he represents.

Breitmann is not, as so many think, and will think him, a mere caricature with a fine thirst and the heroic manner. He is a type. He represents a class—a wise, kindly, laughter-moving class—which is not common now, and which we seldom see in England, but which exists, and is delightful, in many parts of Germany and in the States. The laughter is always *with* and not *at* this old hero. He loves the pleasures of the table, and he will drink, it seems, as long as he has passage in his throat, yet he has an eye for beauty, the wisdom of a man, and a most ripe talent for events. He is that old Germany,

as I feel, that died, or became changed, with the rise of the shop-class after the French war. He is of the blunt Luther type, with, perhaps, the "Wein, Weib und Gesang" elements set up in caps.

Hans' prototype, Mr. Trübner tells us, was "a German serving during the war (of Secession) in the 15th Pennsylvanian Cavalry, and who—we have it on good authority—was a man of desperate courage whenever a cent could be made, and one who *never* fought unless something *could* be made." Many of the ballads tell of his merry battles, and of the great spoils, chiefly liquid, that his battles brought him, but it is hardly as a fighter that Hans makes his appeal to us. We like him when he is at peace, well primed with the schnapps, or the lager, or the sauer-kraut so dear to him. And then, by the fireside, puffing the meerschaum of content, the warm reminiscences come gently to the soothed brain, and the story comes, between tobacco puffs, ripely and well considered from a seasoned and mellowed personality.

Before discussing the literary merits of the ballads, and there are very few that have not sterling worth either as verse or as a genuine "philosophy of life," it would be well to say just a few words of the wonderful speech in which they are written. Fully to appreciate the cleverness of it one must have lived in Germany and in, say, Hoboken. Old Hans uses the American idioms with such aptness, and sandwiches them between such deft and apposite quotations from the literature of his Fatherland, that an outsider misses half of the abundant points he makes. How happy the blend is may be seen from the two quotations I have culled at haphazard:—

Du bist ein Musikant
Top-sawyer on der counter-point
Und buster in discant.

and

Und knock dem out de shpots
Come pack to eart', O Schnitzerlein
Und pring id down to dots.

It is not dialect. It has not the fixity of a dialect. We feel that in a year's time old Hans would be using a very different speech with quite different effects upon his hearers. In the ballads he is at "the top of happy hours." He is precise in his use of the snappy, effective idiom of the States. And his German—the German, always, of a cultured and deep-thinking man—saves him, and his rhymes, from any taint or accusation of commonness. The only accusation one might bring forward is one of over-insistence upon certain traits in Hans' character. I feel that the details of his swillings, though I love to read them, separate him, just a little, from me. I feel that such an Homeric skinker would never have been allowed to leave the Fatherland: would never have ridden all those thirsty miles with Sherman: and could never have loved such dusty things as politics.

There is an old German tale, which occurs to me, of a wine-merchant's bin-man, who was asked by his employer if he could, and would, drink at a draught a bucket of white wine for the pleasuring of certain company. He replied that he must meditate the proposal in private for a little while. After a short absence he returned, filled the bucket, and drained it to the great joy and envy of all present. When asked why he had needed to consider the matter, he replied:—

I haf try mit oder bucket.

I feel that Mr. Leland's jolly creation is a shade too like that bin-man. Hear him:—

Und troonker more, und troonker yet, und troonker
shtill eot ve
In rosy light shtill drivin on agross a fairy sea,
Denn madder, vilder, frantic-er I proked a salat tish
Und shoost like roarin elephants ve tanzed aroundt de
dish.

Ife shvimmid in heavenly droonks pefore—boot nefer
von like dis
De morgen-het-ache only seemed a bortion of the pliss.
De vhole in trilling peanty roundt like heavenly vind-
harps rang
A goosh of golden melodie—de Rheinweinbecher's
Klang.

The stanza that follows after is "troonker yet," but what I have quoted shows the old fellow at his maddest. One can pardon him for taking so jolly a delight in the good things of the world, for we know that (after the morgen-het-ache) he will be up and about, playing the man like a master. I must own, however, that he touches me more nearly when he is in his serious vein. When he is dreaming over the beautiful things that have touched him in the past, or at music, or giving advice to the young. In these moods he says things which place him with the poets. "Breitmann in Leyden," though perhaps the quaint Breitmann lingo rather mars its gentleness, is a thing that none but a true poet could have made:—

'Tis shveet to valk in Holland towns
Apout de twilight tide,
Vhen all ish shdill on proad canals,
Safe vhere a poat may clide.
Shdrange light on darkenin' vater falls
In long soft lines afar,
Der Abenddroth on Dunkelheit
Vitch shows—or hides—a star.

The end comes to one with a grace and a softness that is like "rare 'Gene Field" at his rarest:—

O if you live in Leyden town
You'll meet, if troot be told,
De forms of all de freunds who tied
Vhen du werst six years old.

Lovers of Hans will wish him a peaceful old age in Leyden, with lager of the best, and Rhein wein, and a seat in the Bier Garten looking over the old town; and twilight and death coming to him very gently at the last, almost obsequiously, like a grave waiter announcing closing time.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

Books Too Little Known.

"Amaryllis at the Fair" and "After London."

"AFTER London!" my readers may exclaim; "why, everybody knows—at least, we mean that we have heard of that book. Surely it is by — yes, of course, it is by Richard Jefferies. We have always meant to look it up some day and see what is in it." And "Amaryllis at the Fair" must be one of those "later indifferent novels" of which the critics speak. "What a pity Jefferies tried to write novels! Why didn't he stick to essays in natural history?" Some such opinion as the foregoing is likely to be delivered by those who seek the safety of acquiescence in the mysterious movements of public taste. Certainly the critics are touchingly unanimous. "He wrote some later novels of indifferent merit," says a critic in "Chambers' Encyclopædia." "Has anyone ever been able to write with free and genuine appreciation of even the later novels?" asks or echoes a lady, Miss Grace Toplis, writing on Jefferies. "In brief, he was an essayist and not a novelist at all," says Mr. Henry Salt. "It is therefore certain that his importance for posterity will dwindle, if it has not already dwindled, to that given by a bundle of descriptive selections. But these will occupy a foremost place on their particular shelf, the shelf at the head of which stands Gilbert White and Gray," says Mr. George Saintsbury.

"He was a reporter of genius, and he never got beyond reporting. Mr. Besant has the vitalising imagination which Jefferies lacked," says Mr. Henley in his review of Walter Besant's "Eulogy of Richard Jefferies"; and again, "They are not novels as he [Walter Besant] admits, they are a series of pictures. . . . That is the way he takes Jefferies at Jefferies' worst." Yes, it is very touching this unanimity, and it is therefore a pleasure for this critic to say that in his judgment "Amaryllis at the Fair" is one of the very few later-day novels of English country life that are worth putting on one's shelf, and that to make room for it he would turn out certain highly-praised novels by Hardy which do not ring quite true, novels which the critics and the public, again with touching unanimity, have voted to be of high rank. But what is a novel? the reader may ask. A novel, says the learned Charles Annandale, is "a fictitious prose narrative, involving some plot of greater or less intricacy, and professing to give a picture of real life, generally exhibiting the passions and sentiments, in a state of great activity, and especially the passion of love." Well, "Amaryllis at the Fair" is a fictitious prose narrative professing to give a picture of real life, and involving a plot of little intricacy. Certainly it exhibits the passions and sentiments in a state of great activity. But Mr. Henry Salt, whose little book on Jefferies is the best yet published, further remarks: "Jefferies was quite unable to give any vivid dramatic life to his stories . . . his instinct was that of the naturalist who observes and moralises rather than that of the novelist who penetrates and interprets; and consequently his rustic characters, though strongly and clearly drawn, do not live, as, for example, those of Thomas Hardy live. . . . Men and animals are alike mere figures in his landscapes."

So far the critics. Jefferies being justly held to be "no novelist," it is inferred by most that something is wrong with "Amaryllis at the Fair," and the book is passed over in silence. But we do not judge every novel by the same test. We do not judge "Tristram Shandy," for example, by its intricate plot, or by its "vivid drama," we judge it simply as an artistic revelation of human life and human character. And judged by the same simple test "Amaryllis at the Fair," I contend, is a living picture of life, a creative work of imagination of a high order. Iden, the unsuccessful farmer who "built for all time, and not for the circumstances of the hour," is a masterly piece of character drawing. But Iden is a personal portrait, the reader may object. Well, what about Uncle Toby? From what void did he spring? Iden, to my mind, is as masterly a conception, as broadly human a figure as is Uncle Toby. And Mrs. Iden, where will you find this type of nervous, irritable wife, full of spiteful disillusioned love for her dilatory husband better painted than by Jefferies? But Mrs. Iden is a type, not an individual, the reader may say. Oh, clever reader! and what about the Widow Wadman? She is no less and no more of an individual than Mrs. Iden. It was a great feat of Sterne to create so cunningly the atmosphere of the Shandy household, but Jefferies has accomplished as artistic a feat in drawing the relations of the Idens, father, mother, and daughter. How true, how unerringly true to human nature is this picture of the Iden household; how delicately felt and rendered to a hair is this picture of the father's sluggish, masculine will, pricked ineffectually by the waspish tongue of feminine criticism. Further, we not only have the family's idiosyncrasies, their habits, mental atmosphere, and domestic story brought before us in a hundred pages, easily and instinctively by the hand of the artist, but we have the whole book steeped in the breath of English spring, the restless ache of spring that thrills through the nerves, and stirs the sluggish winter blood; we have the spring feeling breaking from the March heavens, and the March earth in copse, meadow, and ploughland as it has scarcely been rendered before by English novelist. The description of

Amaryllis running out into the March wind to call her father from his potato planting to see the daffodil; the picture of Iden pretending to sleep in his chair that he may watch the mice; the description of the girl Amaryllis watching the crowd of plain, ugly men of the countryside flocking along the road to the fair; the description of Amadis the invalid, in the old farm kitchen among the stalwart country folk—all these pictures and a dozen others in the book are painted with a masterly hand. Pictures! the critical reader may sneer. Yes, pictures of living men and women. What does it matter whether a revelation of human life is conveyed to us by pictures or by action so long as it is conveyed? Mr. Saintsbury classes Jefferies with Gray, presumably because both writers have written of the English landscape. With Gray! Jefferies in his work as a naturalist and observer of wild life may be conveniently classed with Gilbert White. But this classification only applies to one half of Jefferies' books. By his "Wild Life in a Southern County" he stands beside Gilbert White; by his "Story of My Heart" he stands by himself, a little apart from the poets and approaching the best English prose writers; and by "Amaryllis at the Fair" he stands among the half-dozen country writers of the century whose work is racy of the English soil and of rural English human nature. I will name three of these writers, Barnes, Cobbett, Waugh, and my attentive readers can name the other three.

To come back to "Amaryllis at the Fair," why is it so masterly, or, further, wherein is it so masterly, the curious reader may enquire? "Is it not full of digressions? Granted that the first half of the 'novel' is very beautiful in style, does not Jefferies suddenly break his method, introduce his own personality, intersperse abrupt disquisitions on food, illness, and Fleet Street? Is not that description of Iden's dinner a little—well, a little unusual? In short, is not the book a disquisition on life from the standpoint of Jefferies' personal experiences? And if this is so, how can the book be so fine an achievement?" Oh, candid reader, with the voice of authority sounding in your ears (and have we not Mr. Henley and Mr. Saintsbury bound in critical amity against us, not to speak of Miss Grace Toplis), a book may break all the formal rules, and yet it may yield to us just that salt of life which we may seek for vainly in the works of more faultless writers. The strength of "Amaryllis at the Fair" is that its beauty springs naturally from the prosaic earthly facts of life it narrates, and that, in the natural atmosphere breathed by its people, the prose and the poetry of their life are one. In the respect of the artistic naturalness of its homely picture, and of its convincing atmosphere, the book is very superior to, say "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," where we are conscious that the author is arranging scenery for our benefit, working in the careful studies and observations of village life he has taken for the purpose of his dramatic story, and making a realistic atmosphere which is not the true air the people he has "studied" breathe. The native air of "The Woodlanders" I hold to be a natural atmosphere in which the author is at home, but that of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," no. Jefferies has failed in "The Dewy Morn," and in "Greene-Fern Farm," because in trying to be realistic he is not moving in the atmosphere he instinctively loves. But in "Amaryllis at the Fair," the scenes, the descriptions, the conversations are spontaneous as life, and his commentary on them is like Fielding's commentary, a medium by which he lives with them. His imagination, memory, and instinctive perception are all working together. And so his picture of human life in "Amaryllis" brings with it as convincing and as fresh a breath of life as we find in Cobbett's, Waugh's and Barnes' country writings. When a writer arrives at being perfectly natural in his atmosphere, his style and his subject seem to become one. He moves easily and surely. Out of the splintered mass of ideas and emotions, out of his youthful sensations, his accidental happenings, chance revelations, and the

atmosphere he knows through long feeling, he builds up a subtle and cunning picture for us, a complete illusion of life more true than the reality. For what prosaic people call the reality is merely the co-ordination in their own minds of perhaps a thousandth part of the aspects of life around them; and only this thousandth part they have noticed. But the creative mind builds up a living picture out of thousands of aspects ordinary people are congenitally blind to. This is what Jefferies has done in "Amaryllis at the Fair." The book is rich in the forces of life, in its quick twists and turns, and in its contradictions: we feel in it there is nature working alike in the leaves of grass outside the Idens' house, in the blustering winds round the walls, and in the minds of the characters indoors; and the style is as fresh as the April wind. Everything is growing, changing, breathing in the book. But the accomplished critics do not notice these trivial strengths. It is enough for them that Jefferies was not a novelist. Indeed, Mr. Saintsbury apparently thinks that Jefferies made a mistake in drawing his philosophy from an open-air study of nature, for he writes: "Unfortunately for Jefferies his philosophic background was not his Wordsworth's clear and cheerful, but wholly vague and partly gloomy." It was neither vague nor gloomy, we may remark, parenthetically, but we may admit that Jefferies saw too deeply into nature's workings, and had too sensuous a joy in life to interpret all Nature's doings, à la Wordsworth, or lend them a portentously moral significance.

The one charge that may with truth be brought against "Amaryllis at the Fair" is that its digressions damage the artistic illusion of the whole. But we must accept them as an integral part of the book's individual character, just as the face of a man has its own character and blemishes: they are one with the spirit of the whole, and so, if they break somewhat the illusion of the scenes, they do not damage its spiritual unity. It is this spiritual unity on which we must insist, because "Amaryllis" is indeed Jefferies' last and complete testament on human life. He wrote it, or rather dictated it to his wife, as he lay in pain, slowly dying, and he has put into it the frankness of a dying man. How real, how solid, how deliciously sweet seemed those simple earthly joys, those human appetites of healthy vigorous men to him! how intense is his passion and spiritual hunger for the beauty of earth! Like a flame shooting up from the log it is consuming, so this passion for the green earth, for the earth in wind and sunshine, consumes the wasted consumptive body of the dying man. The reality, the solidity of the homely farmhouse life he describes spring from the intensity with which he clings to all he loves, the cold March wind buffeting the face, the mating cries of the birds in the hot spring sunshine. Life is so terribly strong, so deliciously real, so full of man's unsatisfied hungry ache for happiness, and yet so sweet is the craving, so bitter the knowledge of the unfulfilment. So, inspiring and vivifying the whole, in every line of "Amaryllis" is Jefferies' philosophy of life. Jefferies "did not understand human nature," say the accomplished critics. Did he not? "Amaryllis at the Fair" is one of the truest criticisms of human life you are likely to meet with. The mixedness of things, the old, old human muddle, the meanness and stupidity and shortsightedness of humanity, the good salty taste of life in the healthy mouth, the spirituality of love, the strong earthy roots of appetite, man's lust of life, with circumstances awry, and the sharp wind blowing alike on the just and the unjust—all is there on the printed page of "Amaryllis at the Fair." The song of the wind and the roar of London unite and mingle therein for those who do not bring the dulled eye of superiority to this most human book.

EDWARD GARNETT.

Impressions.

XXVI.—Companionship.

DRENCHED with rain, caked with mud, we rushed into the country town, scraping the wheel of a brewer's dray as we took the bridge. A howl of execration followed us, but my friend, who was driving his new motor-car for the first time, neither turned nor spoke. His keen face peered ahead: the speed fever coursed through his veins: it was nothing to him that a trail of curses had defiled our track from London.

When we reached the Inn he thrust his hand beneath his leather jacket and drew forth his watch: "Under two hours," he said. "Good!" The motor buzzed and groaned, and just then a troop of yeomanry passed. My heart went out to the little horses so sensitive and responsive, and, with a sudden longing, I thought of a slender roan mare that had been my companion in former days in this very town, who had carried me so bravely before the inrush of my passion for machinery and speed. I dreamt of her that night, and the next morning persuaded my friend to postpone our return journey till the afternoon. For a few hours at least I would be faithful to an old love.

What a change two years had made in the Inn yard. At the corner a showy motor shop had been built; the yard had become a *garage*; peak-faced *chaffeurs* in oil-skin garments stood waiting where, in old days, easy-limbed grooms had idled. There were motors in the coach-houses, steam eddied into the air, and over all hung the horrid smell of petrol. But at the end of the yard, where the tan-strewn incline led to the upper storey, the pleasant, familiar horsey atmosphere welcomed me, and there, forlorn enough, were a few horses, and among them the slender roan mare.

She fretted for the first half-hour, tossing her head, troubled by the bit and my unskilful handling of the reins. Had much commerce with motor-cars destroyed the little cunning I once had with man's loyal and ancient companion? It seemed so; but when we reached the crest of the downs the inspiration to give her her head, that small, wise head, came over me. I let the reins hang loose, dug my knees into her slight body, swayed to her movement, and away she went, her little hoofs hardly touching the crisp turf, her head outstretched, and I recapturing all the old rapture as we scampered across the trackless land. The rain beat down, and the hail: she inclined her head from the sting just in the old way, and bore me higher, higher till there was nothing but the birds between us and the sky. Far below on the white roads that crossed and recrossed the valley, and beyond through other counties, motor-cars were racing across the land. Man had seized the new toy in both hands, crying that the days of the horse were numbered; but that brief morning when she and I were together, one and indivisible in ecstasy of motion, was worth all the journeys of all the motor-cars that have ever raced from luncheon to dinner.

Then we descended to the place of steam and petrol. The groom stroked her wet nose and said, "When the Lord takes her, he'll take a good mare." I watched the little lady step up the tan-strewn incline to her dark lodging, and turned to find my motorist waiting to start.

The country whizzed past us: a road, always a road, stretched ahead: beneath us was always the panting inanimate thing that knew nothing, cared nothing, felt nothing, while up there, on those heights, horses were taking their own wayward way over the soft turf, their little hoofs just brushing the ground, their heads outstretched, and their bodies quivering with the joy that living things feel in service that is companionship and freedom.

Drama.

A Player's Play.

THE vitality of a national drama must, of course, depend upon its modernity, not upon its traditions. Unless it can become the medium of a living utterance and maintain its active outlook upon the facts and ideals of contemporary society, no amount of loyalty to the literary past can ever make it a literary force in the present or save it from the reproach of the academic and the unessential. One may feel this as strongly as possible, and yet wish that a spirit of more liberal enterprise might come over our actor-managers not only in their dealings with the modern playwright, but also in their rarer classical revivals. In particular it is rather ridiculous that the horizon of the eighteenth century drama should be bounded for them, as it usually is, by two plays of Sheridan's and one of Goldsmith's. For this reason, rather than for the intrinsic merits of the piece, one may welcome the experiment of Mr. Cyril Maude in reproducing at the Haymarket "The Clandestine Marriage" of George Colman and David Garrick. The eighteenth century was emphatically not an age of literary art, and "The Clandestine Marriage" does not, as will soon be apparent, endure the kind of analysis which one is accustomed to apply to a comedy of the seventeenth century or a comedy of the twentieth. The action, if so it may be called, takes place in the country house of one Sterling, a rich and extremely vulgar merchant. The chief inmate of this house is Sterling's equally vulgar, if more pretentious, sister, Mrs. Heidelberg, from whom the family have expectations. There are also two daughters, of whom the elder, Betty, an affected and shrewish young lady, is courted for her fortune by Sir John Melville, while the charming and ingenious Fanny is already married in secret to young Lovewell, a penniless clerk in her father's office. In Act I. you learn of this and of the arrival of Lord Ogleby, an ancient beau and Sir John Melville's uncle, to complete the negotiations for his nephew's match. Act II. is almost entirely devoted to the humours of Lord Ogleby's toilet, and his horror at the vulgarities amongst whom he finds himself. In Act III. all the people who should have known better begin to fall in love with Fanny. Sir John Melville transfers his affections to her from Betty, and by offering to accept a younger sister's portion persuades Sterling to consent to the exchange. Betty and Mrs. Heidelberg, who takes her part, are furious. For Fanny, too, the situation is an awkward one. She decides to appeal to Lord Ogleby, to whom Lovewell is akin, and the fatuous old gentleman thinks that she has fallen a victim to his senile fascinations. Act IV. passes mainly on the landing before Fanny's chamber. The *spretæ injuria formæ* of Betty has led her to keep a watch on her sister. The presence of a man where no man should be is discovered. A hue and cry is raised, and the whole household turn out, in picturesque night-gear, on the landing. Naturally Sir John Melville is supposed to be the culprit. But to the amazement of all, out walks Lovewell. Explanations ensue. The clandestine marriage is confessed. The good hearts that lie beneath the vulgarian waistcoat of Sterling and the foppish waistcoat of Lord Ogleby assert themselves. Even Mrs. Heidelberg relents. Fanny and her husband are forgiven, and all ends happily as a marriage bell.

The thinness of the plot is, I hope, obvious. Practically nothing happens throughout three-fourths of the play. At the end there is a bustle rather than an action. The *dénouement* comes by accident, not by the working out of natural laws. And for the ethical attitude to life which one has learnt to postulate of comedy one must look in vain. These things were hardly more to the taste of the eighteenth century than to that of the nineteenth. The

whole interest of "The Clandestine Marriage" lies in the observation not of dynamic character, character in action, but of static character, or more precisely still, of those lesser manifestations of character which may be summed up as manners. It is a comedy of manners, a portraiture of social types. The distinction between the "cit" and the man about town is now, I am told, on the way to be obliterated. The stockbroker is usually the scion of a noble house, and makes his blameless transit twice a day between Throgmorton Street and Pall Mall. But it was still real to the consciousness of the eighteenth century, and it is from this that Colman and Garrick get their element of dramatic contrast. Lord Ogleby typifies the world of gallantry and fashion, Sterling and Mrs. Heidelberg typify the world of money-bags. And the clashing humours are neatly enough touched off. The sentimental part is put in for the benefit of the ladies, who may be expected to have the tear of sensibility ready for the languishing distress of the charming Fanny.

It must also be borne in mind that Garrick was primarily an actor, and that, generally speaking, the eighteenth century drama is the opportunity of the actor rather than of the playwright. Do not let me be taken as implying that "The Clandestine Marriage" is not vastly entertaining. On the contrary, Mr. Cyril Maude as Lord Ogleby, Mr. Rignold as Sterling, and Mrs. Charles Calvert as Mrs. Heidelberg are, one and all of them, monstrous good fun. They have telling parts and act them with spirit and finish. The minor business, too, of valets and waiting-maids and the like, so thoroughly characteristic of the kind of play, is well done, and the artificial atmosphere of the whole is admirably preserved. My point, however, is that it is in these histrionic humours, and not in any essential dramatic quality, that one's pleasure must be sought.

E. K. CHANDERS.

Art.

Whitechapel and Elsewhere.

THAT the arrangement of the present exhibition of pictures at the Whitechapel Art Gallery was "attended with many difficulties" I can well believe. The committee set themselves to form a representative collection of the work of British artists at the beginning of the present century. The result is very interesting, and very bewildering. Four hundred and forty works are crowded together: if only one had the right to select forty, and permission to hang them in such a way that the eye could focus on each in turn, with ample margin of wall space, this would be one of the salient picture exhibitions of the year. The lesson that the dwellers in Whitechapel, indeed, all of us, most need to learn is to ignore the second, third, and fourth rate, and to concentrate on the best. Half-a-dozen of these four hundred and forty works thoroughly examined and brooded over, would afford an incalculably larger measure of pleasure and profit than this collection in bulk can possibly give to the thousands who weekly wander through the galleries. The notes to the catalogue, I am afraid, do not help towards a proper appreciation of the pictures. To Mr. Swinstead's huge "First on the Antarctic Continent," twenty-five lines are given, including such a worthless piece of information as this: "Every detail of the picture, from the costumes to the sledges and equipment and dogs, was painted from the outfit actually in use at the time, and the picture was painted immediately on the explorer's return." Not a word is said about Mr. Whistler's "Convalescent"—that white dream of charm and quality in paint. When so much trouble, and so much intelligence, is given to collecting pictures for the

edification of the East-end of London, it is surely worth while to indicate the pictures which are significant, and to explain why they are so. Neither is the compiler of the catalogue altogether satisfactory when he soars. I wonder what the Whitechapel resident makes of this comment on Mr. Wilson Steer's "Jonquils," which has, moreover, the defect of not being true: "A curtainless window at twilight often throws on our walls more wonderful decorations than shuttered connoisseurs can boast"; or this, apropos of Mr. Shannon's "Bunch of Grapes": "Story or incident we may not find here, but its careful abstractness is its chief fascination." What is really wanted at Whitechapel, as at most large exhibitions of pictures, is a *salon carré*, containing the best only of the works submitted, where the visitor could spend two-thirds of his time. Such a room at Whitechapel would give the compiler of the catalogue a rare opportunity.

Each of us makes a *salon carré* of our own, composed of the pictures that remain in the memory when we have left the exhibition. My pleasantest impression of the Whitechapel show is, I think, of certain pictures in the small room by artists who have, at one time or another, exhibited at the New English Art Club. The recognition of some of these pictures, which I had not seen for a long time, produced quite a thrill of surprise and pleasure, whereas certain large Burlington House pictures, widely known by means of reproductions scattered throughout the country, looked merely dull. But it was a real pleasure to be reminded of the existence of Mr. Mark Fisher's sunny "Water Frolic"; of Mr. Steer's bold and delightful "Rainbow"; of Mr. Strang's "Emmaus"; and of Mr. C. Shannon's pensively decorative "Bunch of Grapes."

In the upper gallery the difficulty of focussing one's attention on any particular picture increases. In a first rapid inspection of the room I found myself switched off from Miss Brickdale's "Proud Maisie" to Sir Noel Paton's presentment of "Luther at Erfurt," with a long comment in the catalogue, the last paragraph of which instructs us to "note, side by side, the skull, an emblem of mortality, and the crucifix, with its promise of eternal life," and adds "the fervour of the reformer in discerning the truth direct from the word of God is well shown." After that incursion into literature it was like a day in the country suddenly to meet Mr. Adrian Stokes's brilliant "Wild Cherry Trees." A little later I fell under the spell of a group of Mr. Edward Stott's golden landscapes. Mr. Stott rarely wanders from the circumscribed view of nature he sets himself, but there is no monotony in the charm of his tender country pieces even when grouped together as they are at Whitechapel. Other friends, which, to eyes grown older, still retain their former beauty, are Mr. Clausen's "Golden Barn," Mr. Alexander Mann's "Sunset," and Mr. Greiffenhagen's "Annunciation." These are the pictures I remembered while making my way along Whitechapel High Street to a more familiar quarter of the town by means of a map, that the Committee of the Art Gallery had kindly printed on the back of the invitation card.

I could have wished that some of those East-end folk whom I had seen wandering aimlessly through the rooms at Whitechapel could have experienced the pleasure that a small picture exhibition, a few and fit examples, gives—such an exhibition as that at the Dutch Gallery in Brook Street. Here, in a small room, with quiet, grave hangings, a few small pictures by two masters are being shown—flowers by M. Fantin-Latour, and landscapes by M. Harpignies. They are mingled on the walls—Spring Flowers by a River Scene, an Evening Piece by White Roses. There is nothing to disturb or distract the eye—just flowers at the height of their beauty, and Nature in her loveliest moods. How simple it all seems; how vain the striving after effective subjects that makes so many of the pictures at Whitechapel a weariness. M. Fantin-Latour's eye noticed some pansies, or two roses, or a table

on which was grouped a glass of flowers, a plate of plums, and a decanter, and there were his pictures. Of M. Harpignies' landscapes it is difficult to speak without exaggeration. Here is a painter, eighty-four years of age, who is constantly producing, and whose work never shows any signs of weakness or failing power. His experimental stage is long past: he has settled down into a mellow interpretation of Nature, seeing her with all the freshness of young eyes, to which he adds a feeling for atmosphere and distance so delicately suggested that one places him with Corot. The Mediterranean itself lies beyond his "Vue prise à Beaulieu dans le Jardin de M. Livesay." What a view it is! A day's picture seeing is indeed a gain when one has absorbed such an impression of beauty as this little landscape gives.

I turned to go, and then came the contrast. On a wall in the outer room I saw a picture that revealed in a flash the other extreme of pictorial art. Neither beauty nor mystery is here, but tragedy, vivid and poignant, the effect gained not by any melodramatic subterfuges, but by an intensity of realism, and an arrangement of composition that only a man of genius could have imagined. The picture was Daumier's "Christ Mocked." It is in monochrome, unfinished, and was found in his studio at the time of his death. I described this masterpiece when it was shown at Wolverhampton last year. Always to be remembered are the tense detachment and dignity of the central figure, the flung-back pointing arm of the mocker, and the grim figures of the crowd below the balcony. Daumier had "an inexhaustable genius for mockery" and truth. This "Christ Mocked" is truth.

So the harvest of the day that was gathered into the barn of memory came out thus: Mr. Whistler's "Convalescent" for charm; M. Harpignies' peep of the Mediterranean for beauty; and Daumier's "Christ Mocked" for truth.

C. L. H.

Science.

From the Melting Pot.

Nor only practically but philosophically speaking, science must justify her existence. Despite the dictum of Mrs. Meynell (based, it is true, upon the inadequacy of the poet's slight occasion to his sublime moral), I must hold with Keats. Truth is beauty. So if science show God to be a myth, the sun a goblin, life a nightmare,—then away with her; let us have ignorance and bliss. If the chemist wish me to pay for his broken test-tubes, or the hospital asks the public to pay for its broken clinical thermometers, we ask the legitimate, the utilitarian question, "Cui bono?" The good—the beauty—may be subtle; it may be the hastened evolution of the spirit of reverence; good or beauty there must be, else Truth is not Truth. Now the crown and the goal of all science is the science of Sociology. Man is a gregarious animal. You may well refuse to pay for the chemist's test-tubes if his claim be merely that he love truth; you love your children, and their claims, in theory and in practice, transcend those of any abstraction, however noble be its name. Therefore the scientist must render an account. He and we were all in the nebula together. We can tolerate no antithesis. He and we are degrading its store of energy. Each day the chemist lives he lessens the world's store of oxygen, he increases its useless carbonic acid. He radiates into trackless space a portion of irrecoverable heat. What is his excuse to the social organism of which he is not a parasite, but a part? He has made an hypothesis; what has he to say to the man who has made a chair? The answer is simple.

Wisdom is justified of her children, for they toil—necessarily and in the nature of things—for the children of men. All organised knowledge—all knowledge of facts other than dead and ephemeral—contributes to Sociology; to what, in inchoate phrase, we call the Art of Living. This is my excuse for the circumstance that, the other day, when attempting to outline some of the relations between ether vibration and protoplasm, and remarking that the Röntgen rays cured one form of cancer, I only parenthetically observed that they are light of short wave-length. I was trying to preserve the proportions of things.

Since then, however, Lord Rayleigh has given an authoritative assent to this statement, and the history of our knowledge on this matter is so instructive that one must do more than merely state the fact. For some time there has been in the physicist's melting-pot a variety of matters which has assumed a somewhat supposititious inter-relation in the public mind. There are the Röntgen rays, the Hertzian waves of wireless telegraphy, the radio-activity of certain metals (a property possessed, it is now believed, by all matter), the theory of electrons and so forth. Now the Hertzian wave occupies the attention of sane men with families to keep, because they believe something will come of it. It will be a contribution to sociology. It will serve the body-politic. So with the Röntgen ray. No hospital is complete without it. I have described its healing power. Its diagnostic value is still incalculable. But from sheer curiosity we may hark back and consider these waves. And it may be found that all organisable knowledge is worth pursuing. For its own sake, no,—there is Art; but for its relation to life.

It is not worth while to recapitulate the various theories that have been held about the Röntgen rays. They were made by theorists: "let them rave." But first we may observe where lay the difficulty. It is just above the back part of the brim of a man's hat, in the hindmost part of the brain. For, of course, everyone's eyes are in the back of his head. The visual centres are as well defined as any in cerebral localization. In the cells of that area of the brain was the difficulty. Their protoplasm is so constituted that it can translate into conscious sensation of light only those transverse vibrations of the ether that range from about four hundred to about eight hundred millions of millions per second. The slower and the faster vibrations are invisible. The infra-red and the ultra-violet rays need other means for their appreciation. They are without our meagre octave. The ear can hear ten or eleven octaves of sound, the eye sees only one of light. And the Röntgen rays being perhaps the most ultra-violet of all light—of a wave-length perhaps one-hundredth part that of violet light—the back of our heads cannot see them. They are, in a sense, too high for our understanding. Were our visual nerve-cell protoplasm other than it is, we should have seen the rays from the first, and argument would have been superfluous.

Light consists of ether vibrations that are transverse to the line of progress. Waves of sound are to and fro in the line of progress. In a beam of light the wave is passing up and down, from side to side, in an infinite number of planes. By appropriate means one may cut off all the vibrations save those in one plane, and the ray of light then permitted to pass, having its vibrations due north and south, so to speak, is said to be polarised. M. Blondlot has succeeded in applying the crucial test to the Röntgen rays. He has polarised them and thereby supplied the final proof of their identity with light. The mystery of the rays—using the word in the vulgar sense—is gone. If a primrose by the river's brim be but a yellow primrose—named and done with—then the Röntgen rays are but fast ether-waves—rapid sunlight, nothing more. Yet of them, too, must we ask, Whence?

And, to the other question, "cui bono?" I may venture the hope that the polarised Röntgen ray will soon be tried in Surgery. It is conceivable that, in this form, it may be

more efficient than even the focussed non-polarised radiation, and may penetrate so as to affect the forms of cancer hitherto unassailable.

Still in the melting pot, and full of promise is radium. This new metal, discovered by M. and Mme. Curie, is the typical example of an intensely radio-active (perish the phrase!) substance. It is five hundred thousand times as active as uranium, the properties of which were studied by M. Becquerel. The radiant power of these metals is a new and striking instance of the most familiar phenomenon in Nature, the transformation of energy. What is the exact nature of the ethereal energy that radium can translate into heat and light, just as a poker held near a fire becomes hot by transforming the ethereal energy of the infra-red rays from the glowing coal—we cannot tell as yet. It is in the melting-pot. This, however, may be noted. As Prof. J. J. Thomson has shown, matter—material particles—can move with the speed of light. This is Newton's corpuscular theory of light (that it consisted of a bombardment of minute particles that entered the eye) almost with us again. His conception, though wrong, was not absurd. Now let us learn from radium. In a couplet unsurpassable, because absolutely true, Mr. Francis Thompson has epitomized all science:—

Thou canst not stir a flower
Without troubling of a star.

Let me state, in a word, the latest instance of the Unity of things, so spiritually seen by the poet's "Mistress of Vision." Helmholtz's explanation of the sun's heat, as due to his sixteen daily inches of shrinkage, accounts for only twenty-four million years from the beginning of our nebula. The literally far-fetched theory has been brought in aid of geological time, that the sun—the solar nebula—has been aided in time past by light borrowed from other stars and translated into heat; a parallel with radium. But there needs only a trivial quantity of matter to have poured into the sun since his beginning, at the velocity of the emanations, say, of radium, at the velocity of light, that is, to have given him energy enough to keep us going until now. The astronomer justifies the poet by taking the most infinitesimal phenomena of the physicist and making them explain the continuance of suns.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Correspondence.

The Modern Stage.

SIR,—Your note to my statement in the "Morning Post" that the "old pattern" theatre is responsible for half the bad work on the stage is that of course I refer to the setting. I refer to the acting far more than to the setting. If an actor wishes to be seen by the entire audience in a modern theatre, by hook or by crook he must shoulder his way to the centre of the stage and hold his position if he can. It is impossible for more than one man to do this at a time, so that as each important speech or situation comes along, the shouldering commences. The muscular actor wins at this game.

Whoever saw in life (let alone in the mind's eye, Horatio) such moving about, such shifting of position, as takes place on the stage, and all this restless, unnatural, unconsidered action is due to the construction of the auditorium. All their unnatural posturing, all their lame exits and entrances, you cannot put these down to the actors—they are surely not to blame—it is the fault of the architect. Not that I believe a theatre built on the Bayreuth plan would make an ounce of difference to the acting of those gentlemen whose very life seems to

depend on getting into the centre of the stage, but I believe it would make all the difference to the majority, to the younger actors whose life is at present devoted to their art and not concerned with their own importance. And it is these younger men for whom the theatres will be built in the future.—Yours, &c.,

GORDON CRAIG.

Johnson or Goldsmith?

SIR,—Pray allow me space to thank Mr. Bell for his kind correction. The phrase about "winding into a subject like a serpent" is Goldsmith's, and not, as I wrote, Johnson's. The passage is to be found in the "Life of Dr. Johnson," under date May 9, 1773, and runs as follows:—

He (Goldsmith) now seemed very angry that Johnson was going to be a traveller; said "he would be a dead-weight for me to carry," . . . Nor would he patiently allow me to enlarge upon Johnson's wonderful abilities; but exclaimed, "Is he like Burke, who winds into a subject like a serpent?"

The little outburst is a proof, were any needed, that Goldsmith did not always talk at random.

It has also been brought to my notice that some intimate glimpses of Burke are contained in Fanny Burney's "Diary and Letters," especially in her account of the party at Mr. Crewe's, at Hampstead, on June 18, 1792.—Yours, &c.,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

SIR,—Mr. Bell is right in assigning the remark on Burke to Goldsmith, and not to Johnson, as does the writer of your article "The Praise of Famous Men." The story will be found in Chapter XXI. of Boswell.

But surely this criticism of Burke is not a gibe at all, but a compliment? It is taken in the latter sense by Forster ("Life of Goldsmith," page 183 in 1855 edition) and by Mr. John Morley.—Yours, &c.,

London, W.

K. DE WATTEVILLE.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 184 (New Series).

Last week we offered a Prize of One Guinea for the best set of humorous verses, not to exceed sixteen lines, on any subject. Forty-four replies have been received. On the whole the results are not particularly amusing. We award the prize to Mr. Montagu Lomax, The Close, Minchinhampton, Gloucestershire, for the following:—

ATRABILIA.

(With apologies to R. B.)

And did you once find Browning plain,
And did he make his meaning clear
Without your reading him again
Say, fifty times? How queer!

But you were puzzled before that,
And haply will be puzzled after,
Tho' what the plague he's driving at
Now, is no theme for laughter.

I read a book with a name of its own,
And of use at a Spelling-Bee no doubt,
But, try as I would, the name alone
Was all that I could make out.

The name of the book was "Ferishtah's Fancies,"
But what was the meaning of the rest,
Ferishtah, of course, for Ferishtah can, sees—
I never have even guess'd.

Other replies follow :—

GEORGIE'S PHILOSOPHY.

A crowd of serious fancies fill
My mind, about that pleasant hill;
And first, 'tis stuck that way, I see,
And will not budge for you or me.
For 'tis so heavy, hard, and strong,
And has been there such ages long,
Nothing, so far as I can see,
Could rouse it to activity.
It makes me feel quite weak and faint—
And yet it is a fancy quaint—
To think how thin I'd be and flat
If I were under all of that!
And oft the thought occurs to me,
Why ever all these things should be
Exactly so. But no one knows,
So we must lump it, I suppose!

[E. K. L., Birkenhead.]

"Something funny in sixteen lines"—

That's the ACADEMY's task to-day;
Alas and alack! for my Muse opines
She will not enter this rhythmic fray.
She cannot abide this carnal tether:
She soareth aloft in her own old way.
And, stranded below, I am wondering whether
She'd drop me down a few things to say.
Nears she now the Parnassian portals;
And shall I grovel to her in vain
For sixteen lines that will make them chortle
At 43 in the Chancery Lane?
Down to my boots my heart is sinking;
A dismal thought in my gizzard sticks:
This is the thing I am sadly thinking—
April the First is the date they fix.

[J. E. B., Ipswich.]

THE SONG OF THE PEDESTRIAN.

(With apologies to Mr. W. E. Henley.)

Dust!
Dust and the whirr of a motor
Eye-scorching atoms
Of road; the ear-splitting
Fiendish, satanic
Mockings of horn.
Masked desperate villains
Who curse the police,
Pay their fines and are gone
To commit fresh atrocities,
Tainting the air with
A hideous, clinging
Odour of Petrol!

[E. R. S., Woolwich.]

RHYMES FOR PICTURE POSTCARDS.

See on this card the town of Inverness
Where Duncan quitted quick life's storm and stress,
Here, with Macbeth, the Royal Traveller tarried,
Was welcomed by the wife Macbeth had married,
But in the night, as breath through nose he drew,
Repeatedly, she stabbed him through and through.
Far better stay at home, though dull as Hades,
Than travel and be bored to death by married ladies.

Behold the town of Banff beyond the bridge,
Slowly but surely creeping towards the ridge,
Where, in old days, the outlaw, James Macpherson,
Was taken prisoner by a nasty person,
Who, distantly related to the Duke of Fife,
Soon robbed the ranting reiver of his life.

Thus do we learn, far better than by books,
To shun acquaintance with the friends of Dukes.

[P. A. K., Eskbank.]

IN PRAISE OF BELINDA.

It is not mine with halting breath
Belinda's praise to utter:
The ancient proverb truly saith,
Fine words no parsnips butter.
Yet, though she's charming to despair,
Perfect I cannot find her:
I'd have her either much less fair,
Or else a great deal kinder:
Since, if it never may be mine
One ray of hope to cherish,
I soon shall droop and fade and pine,
And ultimately perish.
Cease, stricken heart, thy dismal groan!
Let this remark suffice one;
So fair a maid I've never known,
And seldom such a nice one.

[J. A. W., Edinburgh.]

WHAT THE LOOKING-GLASS SAW.

I saw a gleam of gold that came upon my owner's hair,
As sunset-rays may guild an ancient thatch at eventide,
For the sombre raven tresses, which my owner used to wear,
Bid fair to whiten, if she lived—and so the lady dyed!
I saw some tiny lines appear around my owner's eyes,
The heralds of departing youth—the dregs of pleasure's cup,
They vanished, as by magic; quote the lady, "It were wise,
If time has quarrelled with my face, to try and make it up."
I saw the girdle, tightly drawn around my owner's waist,
For age will bring increasing girth, and larger grew the span.
But fashion with economy is tempered to her taste,
So still she strives to be as little waistful as she can.
I saw—but stay, a mirror must reflect! it would be rash
To tell the secrets I alone have with my owner shared.
If we utter our reflections, we deserve to come to smash,
An oval mirror only splits because it can't be squared.

[A. K., London.]

A GRUMBLE.

My corns have just begun to shoot,
(Without a license by the way!)
Old Brown is tootling on his flute,
And Flo's mama has come to stay!
I saw just now "our Ellen" kiss
The roughest, ugliest of loons,
Since he is spoons upon our "Miss,"
I fear we soon shall miss our spoons!
Like Cherubim our infant son
Does now "continually cry,"
I hear an Organ! More than one!
Flo uses hers incessantly.
The Tax Collector's step! Oho!
I'll give it him now, if I can!
My jealous friends all say, you know,
I am an over-rated man!

[F. B. D., Torquay.]

Competition No. 185 (New Series).

This week we offer a Prize of One Guinea for the best description of an April Day, not to exceed 300 words.

As we shall have to go to press a day earlier next week in consequence of the Easter Holidays, answers must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, 7 April.

RULES.

Answers, should be addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C." Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- Adderley (James), *A New Earth* (Brown, Langham & Co.) 3/6
 E. E. G., *The Makers of Hellas: A Critical Inquiry into the Philosophy and Religion of Ancient Greece* (Griffin) net 10/6
 Martineau (James), *National Duties and Other Sermons and Addresses* (Longmans) net 6/0
 Booth (Charles), *Life and Labour in London: Religious Influences* (Macmillan) net 5/0

POETRY, CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

- Sheild (Percy W.), *The Oceanides. Poems and Translations* (Grafton Press)
 Heyssinger (J. W.), *The Light of China* (Research Publishing Co.)
 Herbert (Alice), *Between the Lines* (Lane) net 3/6
 Johns (Edward), *Legends of England and Wales in Humorous Verse* (Hurst & Blackett) 1/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Pears (Edwin), *The Destruction of the Greek Empire, and the Story of the Capture of Constantinople by the Turks* (Longmans) net 18/0
 Hawtrey (Florence Molesworth), *The History of the Hawtrey Family. 2 Vols.* (Allen) net 21/0
 Chesterton (G. K.) and Perria (G. H.), *Leo Tolstoy* (Holder & Stoughton) net 1/0
 Hilprecht (H. V.), *Explorations in Bible Lands during the 19th Century* (T. & T. Clark) net 12/6
 Bacon (Edgar Mayhew), *The Hudson River* (Putnam's) net 18/0
 Dellenbaugh (Frederick S.), *The Romance of the Colorado River* net 18/0
 Duff (Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant), *Out of the Past: Some Biographical Essays. 2 Vols.* (Murray) 18/0
 Westcott (Arthur), *Life and Letters of Brooke Foss Westcott. 2 Vols.* (Macmillan) net 17/0
 Mandley (J. G. de T.), *Transcribed and edited by, The Portmote or Court Leet Records of Salford. Vol. II* (Chetham Society)

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- Brough (J.), *The Study of Mental Science* (Longmans) net 2/0
 Schofield (Alfred T.), *Nerves in Disorder* (Hodder & Stoughton) 3/6
 Dixon (Charles), *Open-Air Studies in Bird Life* (Griffin) 7/6

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- Tompkins (Herbert W.), *Hertfordshire* (Methuen) 3/0
 Cresswell (Beatrice), *The Ancient and Loyal City of Exeter* (The Homeland Association) net 0/6
 His Royal Highness Luigi Amedeo of Savoy, *On the "Polar Star" in the Arctic Sea. (2 Vols.)* (Hutchinson) net 42/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Fraser (John Foster), *America at Work* (Cassell) 6/0
 The Writer's Year-Book (Writer's Year-Book Co.) net 1/6
 Rye (Walter), *The Norwich Rate Book* (Jarrold) net 3/6
 Murray (Dr. James A. H.), *Edited by, A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Onomastical—Outing* (Clarendon Press) 5/0
 Churchill (Winston Spencer), *Mr. Brodick's Army* (Humphreys) 1/0
 Notes on the Repair of Ancient Buildings (Batsford)
 Wilkinson (Spencer), *Edited by, The Nation's Need* (Constable) 6/0
 Jackson (F. Hamilton), *Intarsia and Marquetry* (Sands) 5/0
 The Sporting Annual, 1903 (Treherne) net 2/6
 Fielding (Hugh), *The A.B.C. of Cricket* (Chatto & Windus) 1/0
 Autobiography of Peter Taylor (Gardner) 3/6

EDUCATIONAL.

- Bury (J. R.), *History of Greece for Beginners* (Macmillan) 3/6
 Pollard (Alfred W.), *Edited by, Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, The Prologue* (Macmillan) 3/6
 Baker (W. M.) and Bourne (A. A.), *Elementary Geometry* (Bell) 3/0
 Lyde (L. W.), *Commercial Geography* (Black) 2/6
 Herbertson (F. D. and A. J.), *Descriptive Geography: Europe* net 2/6
 David (M. S.), *Beginners' Algebra* net 2/6
 Hoevar (Dr. Franz), *Solid Geometry* net 1/6
 Marney (Torcan De), *Toujours Prêt* (Marlborough) 2/0

NEW EDITIONS.

- Hardy (Thomas), *The Hand of Ethelberta* (Macmillan) 3/6
 Fisher (George Park), *The Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief* (Hodder & Stoughton) 10/6
 Letters of Mlle. De Lespinasse. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley (Heinemann) 6/0
 Harrie (J. M.), *The Little Minister* (Cassell) 3/6
 Dickens (Charles), *The Pickwick Papers. (Fireside Edition)* (Chapman, Hall, & Frowde) net 2/0
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 Bourdillon (Frances William), *Translated from the Old French by, Aucassin and Nicolette* (Kegan Paul) net 1/6
 Shakespeare (William), *King Henry VIII. (Edinburgh Folio.)* (Richards) net 5/0
 " *King Richard III.* net 5/0
 Traill (H. D.) and Mann (J. S.), *Social England. Illustrated Edition. Vol. IV.* (Cassell) net 14/0
 Green (John Richard), *A Short History of the English People. Part 21.* (Macmillan) net 0/6
 Swayland (W.), *Familiar Wild Birds. Part I.* (Cassell) net 0/6
 An English Garner: Critical Essays and Literary Fragments, with an Introduction by J. Churton Collins (Constable) net 4/0
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 Franklin (Benjamin), *The Autobiography of* (Putnam's) net 1/6
 Shakespeare's Sonnets net 1/6
 Sheridan (Richard Brinsley), *The Rivals* net 1/6
 Blackmore (R. D.), *Mary Ancrely* (Low) 0/6
 Whyte-Melville (G. J.), *Good for Nothing* (Ward, Lock) 2/0
 Hughes (T.), *Tom Brown at Oxford* net 1/6
 " *Tom Brown's School Days* net 0/6
 Boothby (Gny), *Long Live the King* net 0/6
 The Statesman's Year-Book, 1903 (Macmillan) net 10/6
 Grant Allen's Historical Guides: Paris (Richards) net 3/6

PERIODICALS.

- Cassell's, English Illustrated, Cornhill, Windsor, Blackwood's, Good Words, Sunday, Harper's, Temple Bar, Macmillan's, Empire Review, Century, St. Nicholas, School World, Contemporary, Pearson's, Antiquary, Genealogical, Monthly Review, Lippincott's, New Liberal Review, National Review, Devon Notes and Queries, Flora and Sylva.

NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY.

The first volume of Mr. John Morley's "Life of Gladstone" is in the press. The work, which will be in three volumes, will be published in the autumn.

The list of Mr. Bryce's twenty "Studies in Contemporary Biography" begins with Lord Beaconsfield and closes with Mr. Gladstone. The others include men so diverse as Dean Stanley and Anthony Trollope, Stafford Northcote (Lord Iddesleigh) and Mr. Parnell, Archbishop Tait and Cardinal Manning, with other scholars, statesmen, and divines. The historians are fully represented by Freeman, Green, Lord Acton; the lawyers by Sir George Jessel and Lord Cairns. In every case the sketch is only briefly biographical, for purposes of exposition: the writer's object is everywhere to present a personality, a character—sometimes, but rarely, a career.

"The Life and Letters of Sir George Grove," which has been written by Mr. C. L. Graves for Messrs. Macmillan, has its main purpose in describing his work at the Crystal Palace and Royal College of Music and as editor of "The Dictionary of Music." It contains letters hitherto unpublished from a number of distinguished personages—Carlyle, Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Turgueneff, Arthur Sullivan, Brahms, and Jenny Lind.

A collection of theological essays by the Revs. J. Estlin Carpenter and P. H. Wicksteed, written at various times and now gathered into a volume, is announced by Messrs. Dent under the title "Studies in Theology." Among the subjects dealt with are the following: "The Religion of Time and the Religion of Eternity," "The Place of Immortality in Religious Belief," "The Liberal Faith," "Religion and Society," with nine other articles.

The Very Rev. William Lefroy, Dean of Norwich, has undertaken to write the Memoir of Dean Farrar which will appear in the biographical edition about to be published by Messrs. Cassell and Company of Farrar's "Life of Christ's."

Tolstoy has just placed in the hands of the editor of the "Free Age Press" for publication two new articles: "The Overthrow of Hell and its Restoration," a dramatic dialogue between Beelzebub and his angels, and "An Appeal to the Clergy of all Countries."

The series of papers called "The Truth About an Author," which appeared in these columns, will shortly be published in book form by Messrs. Constable.

Mr. Heinemann will publish shortly a new work by E. F. Benson, entitled "The Book of Months." This bears no resemblance to any of the author's previous works, but, as the title implies, is written in the form of a diary of the months. The volume contains impressions and reflections upon the events of the day, people, and places.

Mr. F. H. de Quincey, whose book, "Song-Tide Murmurs" Mr. Elkin Mathews is to publish before long, is a descendant of the author of "The Confessions of an Opium Eater." With the exceptions of the sonnets and two or three other poems written during periods of enforced "resting" from theatrical work, the poems in this little volume were written before the author reached the age of twenty-five.

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LECTURE ARRANGEMENTS AFTER EASTER, 1903.

TUESDAYS, LECTURE HOUR, 5 O'CLOCK.

On TUESDAYS, APRIL 21, 28, MAY 5. Professor ALLAN MACFADYEN, M.D., B.Sc., Fullerton Professor of Physiology, R.I. THREE LECTURES on THE BLOOD AND SOME OF ITS PROBLEMS.

On TUESDAYS, MAY 12, 19 (The Tyndall Lectures). Professor GEORGE H. DARWIN, M.A., LL.D., D.Sc., F.R.S. TWO LECTURES on THE ASTRONOMICAL INFLUENCE OF THE TIDES.

On TUESDAYS, MAY 26, JUNE 2. Professor EDMUND J. GARWOOD, M.A. TWO LECTURES on THE WORK OF ICE AS A GEOLOGICAL AGENT.

THURSDAYS, LECTURE HOUR, 5 O'CLOCK.

On THURSDAYS, APRIL 23, 30, MAY 7. Professor DEWAR, M.A., LL.D., D.Sc., F.R.S., Fullerton Professor of Chemistry, R.I. THREE LECTURES on HYDROGEN: GASEOUS, LIQUID AND SOLID.

On THURSDAYS, MAY 14, 21. Professor SYDNEY H. VINES, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S. TWO LECTURES on PROTEID-DIGESTION IN PLANTS.

On THURSDAYS, MAY 28, JUNE 4. Professor J. A. FLEMING, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S. TWO LECTURES on ELECTRIC RESONANCE AND WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

SATURDAYS, LECTURE HOUR, 3 O'CLOCK.

On SATURDAYS, APRIL 25, MAY 7. Professor LANGTON DOUGLAS, M.A. TWO LECTURES on THE EARLY ART OF SIENA.

On SATURDAYS, MAY 9, 16, 23. HAMISH MACCUNN, Esq. THREE LECTURES on MUSIC (with Musical Illustrations).

On SATURDAYS, MAY 30, JUNE 6. Professor SILVANUS P. THOMPSON, B.A., D.Sc., F.R.S., M.R.I. TWO LECTURES on THE "DE MAGNETE" AND ITS AUTHOR. I. The Book; II. The Man.

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The FRIDAY EVENING MEETINGS will be resumed on APRIL 24, at 9 p.m., when The Hon. R. J. STRUTT will give a Discourse on SOME RECENT INVESTIGATIONS ON ELECTRICAL CONDUCTION. Succeeding Discourses will probably be given by Professor WILLIAM J. POPE, Mr. H. RIDER HAGGARD, Dr. D. H. SCOTT, Dr. J. A. H. MURRAY, H.S.H. ALBERT PRINCE OF MONACO, Professor H. H. TURNER, Professor T. CURIE, and other gentlemen. To these Meetings Members and their friends only are admitted.

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